

JESUS CHRIST'S MEN  
A PROGRESS  
1813-1913  
CAROLINE ATWATER MASON



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# JESUS CHRIST'S MEN







THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD

From the painting by W. Holman Hunt



1813

1913



# JESUS CHRIST'S MEN

*A Progress, 1810-1826*

BY  
CAROLINE ATWATER MASON

"Others come from the interior of the country,  
where the name of Jesus Christ is little known.  
They ask, 'Are you Jesus Christ's man? Give  
us a writing that tells about Jesus Christ.'"

—Adoniram Judson

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## PREFATORY NOTE

DEEPLY impressed with the courage and self-sacrifice of the founders of the Baptist missionary enterprise, and with the marvelous results which have followed their initiative, I desire in this unpretending work to awaken a like impression in the mind of the present generation. To my thought, Ann Hasseltine is not less holy nor heroic than Joan of Arc; and Adoniram Judson seems to me as truly an apostle as Paul, no less a hero than Livingstone.

Does not this year, marking the passage of a century since American Baptists entered upon a missionary epoch, challenge us all, old and young, to know, to love, to reverence, our own saints, martyrs, and heroes with the passion of loyalty which has from of old characterized the Church Universal?

In "Jesus Christ's Men" I do not attempt to give a delineation of the organization and work of each of our missionary societies, but a dramatic presentation of the origin of early Baptist missions, with certain episodes occurring between the years 1810 and 1826.



## Jesus Christ's Men



This book is not, strictly speaking, a pageant; it is, however, my hope that it will serve as basis for popular presentation in this significant year and hereafter. Such presentation can be made wholly without scenery, although the effects would be heightened by some simple scenic devices and suggestions. The dialogue is based upon, and often renders, the actual utterances of the persons introduced. Careful study has been given to making the phraseology and point of view consonant with the period, i. e., the second and third decades of the nineteenth century, and costumes should be studied to conform to those of that time.

Many of the scenes are historically authentic, for instance, all those laid in Burma; while none of them violate historic probability or essential truth.

CAROLINE A. MASON.

WALDFRIED, BEVERLY, MASS.

September, 1913.





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(In six scenes)

#### FINALE





## CHARACTERS

### PROLOGUE

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

SPIRIT OF LOVE.

SPIRIT OF EVIL.

FAITH IN MISSIONS.

VILLAGERS (*five speakers*).

MISSIONARY PURPOSE.

WOMANHOOD IN MISSIONS.

VOLUNTEERS, *women, identical with ANN HASSELTINE and  
HARRIET ATWOOD.*

VOLUNTEERS, *men, identical with JUDSON, NEWELL, and  
RICE.*

CHORUS; VILLAGE FOLK (*thirty in number*).

### II

#### COLLOQUY BETWEEN SPIRIT OF LOVE AND SPIRIT OF EVIL

SPIRIT OF LOVE.

SPIRIT OF EVIL, *identical with SPOTTED JAILER.*



## III

### THE APOSTLES TO THE EAST

#### *Clergymen or Fathers:*

DOCTOR WORCESTER.  
DOCTOR SPRING.  
DOCTOR MORSE.  
DOCTOR GRIFFIN.  
DOCTOR WOODS.  
DOCTOR STUART.

HARRIET ATWOOD, *or* MRS.  
NEWELL.

#### *Matrons:*

MRS. WHITE.  
MRS. BROWN.  
MRS. GREEN.  
MRS. DAY.

#### *Delegate:*

MR. BARTLET.

MISS FAIRLY, *organist*.

MOUNG ING, *Burmese convert*.

#### *Candidates for Missionary Work:*

ADONIRAM JUDSON.  
LUTHER RICE.  
SAMUEL NEWELL.  
GORDON HALL.  
SAMUEL NOTT.

BURMESE COMMISSIONER.

SPOTTED JAILER, *or* SPIRIT OF  
EVIL.

DOCTOR PRICE.

MR. GOUGER.

GEN. SIR ARCHIBALD CAMP-  
BELL.

BRADFORD PASTOR.

ORDERLIES (*two*).

DOCTOR BOLLES, *pastor of*  
*the First Baptist Church*  
*in Salem.*

LIEUTENANT.

SURGEON.

NURSE.

ANN HASSELTINE, *or* MRS.  
JUDSON.

SPIRIT OF LOVE.

CHORUS; Congregation; Guests; Buddhist Monks; Burmese women, girls, and children; Burmese woman with baby; Burmese men (six to ten); Burmese prison attendants; Prisoners; Bengalee servant of Mrs. Judson; Mrs. Judson's baby; British staff officers; Burmese commissioners with attendants.



IV

THE APOSTLES TO THE WEST

SPIRIT OF LOVE.	ISAAC MCCOY.
SPIRIT OF EVIL.	JUDGE LIEB, <i>U. S. Commissioner.</i>
DOCTOR WORCESTER.	GOSA and NOAQUETT, <i>Indian youths.</i>
DOCTOR BOLLES.	INDIAN CHIEFS: TOPENEBE,
JOHN MASON PECK.	NOONDAY, and CHEBASS.
SARAH PECK.	LIQUOR TRADERS ( <i>two</i> ).
CHILDREN, ELI and HANNAH PECK.	CLERK.
LUTHER RICE.	

Indian braves, twenty or thirty; Indian women and children; two half-breed Indians; thirty to eighty persons to represent Esquimaux, Africans, Indians, Mexicans, etc. (p. 152).



FINALE

SPIRIT OF LOVE.

TRUMPETER.

CHORUS.

Nations personified: Burma, Africa, Siam, China, Southern India, Assam, Japan.

Standard Bearers: A. B. F. M. S., W. B. F. M. S., A. B. P. S., A. B. H. M. S., W. A. B. H. M. S.

Representatives of work of A. B. F. M. S.

Native Christian women in costumes of their lands; American women, teachers, missionaries, doctors, nurses; women of the Board; girls and children.

Representatives of A. B. P. S.

Representatives of Mission Fields of A. B. H. M. S.

Joanna Moore with Negro children.

Representatives of classes and nationalities on Women's Home Mission fields; also of Woman's Board and of Training School.

## PROLOGUE







I

Prologue

THE MESSENGER

TABLEAU: THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD

*Representation of Holman Hunt's "LIGHT OF THE WORLD" now at Keble College, Oxford. Below the picture, which must be enclosed by frame, are the words, illuminated:*

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

SCENE: THE MESSENGERS

*Have back of stage hung with dark drapery—no scenery. Stage wholly dark. The figure of FAITH (see page 7)—the child—is seen dimly at the right foreground, accompanied by SPIRIT OF LOVE. A knocking heard. FAITH looks up to SPIRIT and says: I hear a footstep. Some one is passing by.*

*SPIRIT. You do not hear a step. You feel a presence. But listen.*

*Knocking. FAITH and SPIRIT listen with rapt and awestruck look. A single light as of a taper is seen to appear in dark background.*



## Jesus Christ's Men



### CHORUS

Knocking! Knocking! Who is there?  
Waiting, waiting, oh, how fair!  
'Tis a pilgrim, strange and kingly,  
Never such was seen before.  
Ah, my soul, for such a wonder  
Wilt thou not undo the door?

*While this is being sung single lights spring up here and there. Bells chime twelve. Knocking repeated. No further response of lights.*

FAITH. Who is it, Spirit?

SPIRIT. One who says: Behold, I stand at the door and knock. It is even the Messenger of the Covenant, whom you delight in. For the Lord, whom you seek, shall suddenly come to his temple.

FAITH. And these lights, whence come they?

SPIRIT. If any man openeth the door I will come in to him and he to me, saith the Messenger. But few there be that light their lamps and open. Listen!

### CHORUS

Knocking! Knocking! What, still there?  
Waiting, waiting, grand and fair,  
Yes, the piercèd hand still knocketh,  
'And beneath the crownèd hair  
Beam the patient eyes, so tender,  
Of thy Saviour waiting there.



*During the singing SPIRIT OF LOVE and FAITH go out; a light or two appears, but all lights are now lost in the dawn light, which is shed on the scene.*

*Village folk, about thirty in number, emerge from different entrances. Anxiety, curiosity, even awe, are on their faces. They come together near the front in a scattering group.*

FIRST. They say some one passed through the village last night, a Stranger.

SECOND. I heard some one.

FIRST. When? At what hour?

SECOND. I think about midnight.

THIRD. It was a little before the cock-crowing that I heard the knock.

FOURTH. Oh, you heard some one knock! At your door then, I judge, as it was at mine.

FIRST. Did you open the door?

THIRD. Not I.

SECOND. Nor I. I have to have my sleep at night or I cannot work by day.

FIFTH. That is the way with me, also. But it was a strange thing, that knocking—it was not loud, but——

SECOND. No, not loud, but persistent, you know. It was almost irresistible, and yet——

THIRD. You resisted it. (*With sarcasm.*)

SECOND *drops head without reply.*



## Jesus Christ's Men



THIRD. Well, good morning to you, neighbors. I must go into the field. It is time to plow. (*Goes out at right.*)

SECOND. Yes. And after that it will be time to sow. And then to reap. But I wish I knew who it was——

FOURTH, FIFTH, and others of the village folk go out at the left.

FIRST. Who it was that knocked at your door in the night?

SECOND *nods head gravely.*

FIRST and SECOND of the village folk go out at the left.

### CHORUS

I know of a land that is sunk in shame;  
Of hearts that faint and tire;  
'And I know of a Name, a Name, a Name,  
Can set that land on fire;  
Its sound is a brand, its letters flame;  
I know of a Name, a Name, a Name,  
Will set that land on fire.

*During singing all have left the stage by twos and threes except eight persons. No one of these has spoken. A look of exaltation is perceptible on each one of their faces. They are as follows:*

A. *An old man. He is wrapped in a dark garment falling to the ground. He is of venerable yet*



*vigorous and benevolent appearance. His hair is white, and he has a flowing white beard. He represents the MISSIONARY PURPOSE. One hand rests upon the shoulder of a child, (B) FAITH.*

*B. A boy of ten years, dressed in a blue tunic, with long blue hose and sandals. He has a face of childlike innocence and purity. (FAITH IN MISSIONS.)*

*C. A matron of forty years, of quiet, dignified, and gentle bearing. Serenity, peace, kindness are stamped upon her face. Her hair is smoothly parted and braided in a coronet at the back of her head. She is dressed in a plain dress of deep wine color, with white bands at neck and sleeves—a costume not indicative of especial date or locality. (WOMANHOOD IN MISSIONS.)*

*D and E are two maidens in the typical Puritan costume, in gray and white. They have the free, spontaneous ways and speech of young girls, and seem full of gladness, although a look of solemn question is upon their faces. (VOLUNTEERS.)<sup>1</sup>*

*F and G and H are youths of not more than twenty years. They wear pilgrim cloaks with a touch of military fashioning, and have each a staff in hand. There is some imprint of heroic purpose, of fire and resolve in their faces. (VOLUNTEERS.)<sup>2</sup>*

<sup>1</sup> D is identical with Ann Hasseltine, E with Harriet Atwood, who appear later.

<sup>2</sup> F appears later as Judson, G as Newell, H as Rice.



## Jesus Christ's Men



*These eight persons look one upon the other earnestly, and hands are held out and taken each in another's clasp while they speak.*

A. Friends, you too have heard the call. I see it in your faces.

C. Yes, father; but we were sleeping, and only the knocking waked us. But you had your light burning, and were like unto those who wait for their Lord. So when the call came, you opened your door immediately.

A. I knew not whether the Messenger should come in the second watch or come in the third watch, and so I listened. The night has been long; but the day of the right hand of the Most High approaches.

C. And these sons and daughters have also opened their door to the Messenger?

D. Yes. We have heard the call.

E. We are glad. But also we are afraid. We know not whither his light will lead us.

F. Fear not. Follow the gleam.

G. Yes, the gleam, the gleam of his light! We saw it at midnight, distant, and then coming near.

H. Then we heard his hand upon the door, and when he spoke we knew him.

F. Yes, we knew his voice in our hearts' core—the voice of the Messenger sent unto us to send us forth to work the work of God. We trembled





## Jesus Christ's Men



for joy and for fear also, for we know that bonds and imprisonment await us; but where he leads we will follow.

H. I am ready to go with him both into prison and to death.

B. I felt his presence; I heard him knocking at the door of our hearts.

C. Do you know his message?

B. Yes, it is this:

I am sent to bind up the broken-hearted,  
To proclaim liberty to the captives,  
The opening of the prison to them that are  
bound.

### CHORUS

Peace be unto you.  
'As the Father hath sent me,  
Even so send I you.

*'All have joined hands and listen solemnly.*

But are ye able to drink of the cup?

Are ye able to be baptized with the baptism?

'ALL. We are able.

*In concert they recite, with wrists crossed and hands clasped, the "Martyr's Song" of Christina Rossetti. While they recite there appears upon the left breast of each a shining cross.<sup>3</sup>*

<sup>3</sup> This cross can be of phosphorescent material, hitherto concealed by folds of the clothing, or arranged by means of an electric battery, adjusted during the last movement.



## Jesus Christ's Men



We meet in joy, though we part in sorrow;  
We part to-night, though we meet to-morrow.  
Be it flood or blood the path that's trod,  
All the same it leads home to God.

What are these that glow from afar,  
These that lean over the golden bar,  
Strong as the lion, pure as the dove,  
With open arms and hearts of love?  
They are the blessed ones gone before,  
They are the blessed forevermore.  
Out of great tribulation they went  
Home to their home of heaven—content.

God the Father give us grace  
To walk in the light of Jesus' face;  
God the Son give us a part  
In the hiding-place of Jesus' heart;  
God the Spirit so hold us up  
That we may drink of Jesus' cup.  
Death is short, and life is long;  
Satan is strong, but Christ more strong.

*At the question of the second verse the hands are unclasped and are lifted in a gesture of wonder and greeting, while all eyes are fixed at a point forward and above.*

*At the beginning of third verse each speaker crosses the wrists over the breast, and all eyes are*





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## Jesus Christ's Men

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*lifted in prayer. A pause is made after the words "Jesus' cup," and the last two lines are spoken with eyes fixed straight before the speakers as if, supplication being ended, these last words are spoken to strengthen their own resolves.*

*Inner curtain drops.*



## II

# COLLOQUY BETWEEN THE SPIRIT OF LOVE AND THE SPIRIT OF EVIL





## II

*Enter at front of stage SPIRIT OF LOVE and SPIRIT OF EVIL.*

*SPIRIT OF LOVE, a tall, slender male figure, draped severely in silver white with a suggestion of armor—metal breastplate and helmet. A wreath of olive leaves around the helmet. He must be rendered as an ideal figure, at once commanding and pathetic; serene, unmoved like the Greek chorus, but nevertheless full of suppressed passion, the “passion of missions.”*

*SPIRIT OF EVIL,<sup>4</sup> a big, burly male figure, with battlemented metal crown, elf-locks, and a spotted face. The spots have been made by branding with hot iron. A single tunic-shaped garment reaches to the ankles; it is yellow, with red symbols and hieroglyphics taken from heathen imagery. The face wears a subtly brutal, sneering expression.*

*SPIRIT OF EVIL. Are you deluded with the idea that these pallid, provincial enthusiasts can to the smallest extent undermine the strongholds of custom—immemorial and honorable? That they can*

<sup>4</sup> Identical with the “Spotted Jailer.” See p. 71.



destroy the symbols of faiths which were ancient before (*He makes a gesture vaguely indicating the letter X*) was born?

SPIRIT OF LOVE. Their purpose is not to undermine or destroy, but to fulfil. There will be a struggle; there will be strong agony; there will be death. But love will conquer. These are the Messengers of Love. All that is pure and good they will strengthen. All that is wounded and bruised they will seek to heal. All that is base and cruel they will seek to transform.

SPIRIT OF EVIL. A rather large undertaking! (*Laughs cynically.*) Something of an achievement for this puny handful! Poor souls! Little can they, in this new and meager land, conceive the teeming millions who bow before me in the old, historic countries.

SPIRIT OF LOVE. They that be with us are more than they that be with you.

SPIRIT OF EVIL. And yet they that are with me are not to be despised. There are various methods known to Orientals—and methods singularly effectual—of betrayal, of torture, of bonds, of slow death. If I lift my hand——

SPIRIT OF LOVE. You can break the body. That I know. But over the soul in which dwells the divine life—do your worst, you have no power.



## Jesus Christ's Men



SPIRIT OF EVIL. No power! (*Laughs.*) Do my worst! Interesting suggestion! (*Mockingly.*) I will arrange, even now, a few details. (*Goes out at left.*)

*Sound of trumpet.*

SPIRIT OF LOVE. Nevertheless, the messengers shall go forth, sent as He himself was sent on his divine mission. They shall be destitute, afflicted, tormented, of whom the world is not worthy. But One standeth within the shadow, keeping watch above his own.

Trumpeter, sound for the last Crusade!  
Sound for the fire of the Red-Cross Kings,  
Sound for the passion, the splendor, the pity,  
That swept the world for a dead man's sake,  
Sound, till the answering trumpet rings  
Clear from the heights of the Holy City.  
O'er broken shrine and abandoned wall,  
Trumpeter, sound the great recall.  
Trumpeter, rally us, rally us, rally us;  
Sound for the last Crusade.<sup>5</sup>

*A long trumpet blast behind scene.*

*Curtain.*

*Interval, during which CHORUS and audience rise and join in singing:*

<sup>5</sup>This verse and that on p. 163 from "The Trumpet Call," by Alfred Noyes, "Atlantic Monthly," November, 1910.



I

The Lord into his garden comes,  
The spices yield their rich perfumes,  
The lilies grow and thrive;  
Refreshing showers of grace divine  
From Jesus flow to every vine  
And make the dead revive.

2

Oh, that this dry and barren ground  
In springs of water may abound—  
A fruitful soil become;  
The desert blossoms like the rose,  
When Jesus conquers all his foes,  
'And makes his people one.

3

The glorious time is rolling on,  
The gracious work is now begun—  
My soul a witness is.  
Come, taste and see the pardon free  
To all mankind, as well as me;  
Who come to Christ may live.

—(*Tune: Garden.*)



III

THE APOSTLES TO THE EAST

1810-1826

IN ELEVEN SCENES

*“No enterprise comparable to this has been embraced by the American church. All others retire before it, like the stars before the sun.”*

*—Samuel Spring.*



III

SCENE I

*Time. Nine o'clock Thursday morning, June 28, 1810.*

*Place. Pastor's study in Congregational Meeting-house, Bradford, Massachusetts.*

*Present: DOCTOR SPRING, of Newburyport; DOCTOR WORCESTER, of Salem; MR. BARTLET, delegates to General Association.*

BARTLET. You gentlemen have the advantage of me altogether in this matter which I hear is to be the order of the day. I came in from Dover only last night. Who are these youths who seem to be turning the ecclesiastical world of Massachusetts upside down?

SPRING. You know Gordon Hall?

BARTLET. Oh, yes. He is a most promising man. He has recently had an advantageous call to the Church of the Standing Order in Woodbury, Connecticut, I believe.

SPRING. Yes, that is true. But he will not accept it. Gordon Hall says he will not settle over "any parish in Christendom."



WORCESTER. Yes; Hall came to Andover a day or two ago, strangely moved, it seems, by a letter from Adoniram Judson, that selfsame day received.

BARTLET. And who, pray, is this Judson? I have heard his name on all sides?

WORCESTER. An Andover student, and a young man of singular power and promise. His father is pastor at Plymouth—a noble old man, a Yale alumnus. Judson is only twenty-two, and yet Griffin wants him as his colleague.

BARTLET. Why, Griffin's church is the largest in Boston! That is an extraordinary opening for any fellow before leaving divinity school.

WORCESTER. Let me tell you what Judson said to his sister when she was exulting over such a prospect for him. "I shall never live in Boston. I have much farther than that to go."

BARTLET. There is something a trifle cryptic, a little mysterious in these boyish utterances. What is at work?

SPRING. Mysterious is precisely the word, Mr. Bartlet. For about two years, there has been an influence—which I can only explain as the Spirit of God working upon the hearts of men—moving powerfully among our college students.

BARTLET. In which institutions particularly? Who are to the fore in the matter? Give me all

the information you can in a nutshell, since this subject is coming up for discussion to-day.

SPRING. Yes, and I expect Judson himself here at any time now, to confer with us regarding the purpose of himself and his friends. They are, in fact, about to petition the Association regarding their duty. Doctor Worcester, I wish you would answer Mr. Bartlet's questions. No one in this country has this subject more deeply at heart than yourself.

WORCESTER. Well, Mr. Bartlet, the watchword of this strange new movement may be given in the words of one of its young apostles, "*Foreign Missions and Missions for life.*" Judson—the phrase is his—devoted himself solemnly to this enterprise last February, feeling himself definitely drawn to preach the gospel in Asia. He appears not to have been influenced by any person, but by a sermon of Claudius Buchanan, "*The Star in the East.*" But observe! entirely apart from Judson, in fact, nearly two years earlier, at Williams College, a small number of students were somehow led to form themselves secretly into a Society for Missionary Inquiry. Their initial idea was the duty of preaching Christ among the aborigines of this country; but this idea soon expanded to that of "*the Field is the World.*" They called themselves the "*Brethren,*" and adopted a constitution. It was strictly



a secret society, and these students, among whom Samuel J. Mills was the leader—he is now a junior at Andover—actually used to hold their meetings beneath the shadow of a great haystack on the college grounds. Their minutes were kept in cipher, and all their activities were “inviolably secret.”

BARTLET. You will forgive me, if these particular features seem to me to savor of a species of boyish romance, of youthful fanaticism; what might be called, possibly, a kind of sanctified adventurousness.

SPRING. Without doubt, these young men have the weakness as well as the strength of youth. But, I like your phrase—“sanctified adventurousness.” If there are to be foreign missionaries, I should think they must needs be saints-adventurers. But please proceed, Doctor Worcester. Time is short.

WORCESTER. Very well, then; you see the situation. At Williams were Mills, Luther Rice—a fine, magnetic spirit—a man named Richards, Gordon Hall also, and one or two others, solemnly self-dedicated to work for the heathen. At Andover were Judson, Samuel Nott, and Samuel Newell. Does it not seem to you evident that the Spirit of God has been operating in different places and upon different individuals, preparing a way for the American church to carry the gospel to the heathen world?



## Jesus Christ's Men



BARTLET. Do these men know at the present time of each other's purpose?

SPRING. Oh, yes. You see the Williams men came to Andover to prepare for the ministry; they came—it is worth mentioning—explicitly pledged, each man, to “hold himself in readiness to go on a mission when and where duty may call.” They were not long in the seminary before they discovered the little group of upper classmen there under like pledge. These men—Judson, Nott, and Newell—were quickly added to the secret organization, “the Brethren.” Gradually the objective became for all, a mission in Asia.

WORCESTER. By the way, Judson is a Brown man, Newell is a Harvard man, and Nott comes to Andover from Union.

BARTLET. I find it difficult to keep these names clearly in mind, having met none of the young gentlemen in question. Whom would you call the leading spirit, Doctor Worcester, among them all?

WORCESTER. Without doubt, Mills was the prime mover at Williams; but since the fusion with the Andover men, Judson is the most conspicuous figure. There is the ardor, the enthusiasm, and yet the profound mysticism in his temperament which, to my mind, constitute the religious genius.

SPRING. It is too soon to tell, but my opinion is that Judson is destined to play a great part in





religious history, if the flame of his spiritual fervor does not burn up his physical frame prematurely.

BARTLET. This is most interesting, and I assure you, brethren, I am in profound sympathy with such a movement as you describe; but, being of a practical turn of mind, Paul's old question keeps ringing in my ear: "How shall they preach (the gospel to the heathen) except they be sent?" And who is to send them? Have any definite measures been taken by the Fathers of the church in response to this impulse of the Andover men?

WORCESTER. Three days ago four of these youths met several of us at the home of Professor Stuart, in Andover, and laid their burning desire before us. All are exemplary members of the Standing Order. We were deeply impressed with a sense of their devout consecration, and the sublime reach of their faith. It was a rebuke to our own weak and waiting attitude. And yet, there was no trace of undue self-confidence. They were unpretending, modest, of a tender, childlike spirit, and well understanding the great issues involved in their undertaking.

SPRING. It was a momentous hour. The conference was solemn, intellectual, devotional, attended with fervent prayer.

BARTLET. Did all of you, the elders of the company, give unqualified approval?





SPRING. We ranged from passionate pleading, as of Doctor Griffin, who can see only the right hand of God manifest, to calm approval, such as was shown by Brother Worcester.

WORCESTER. However, there was for a time some distinct opposition. But one present remarked that it would be better not to try to stop God in his working, and after that no one seemed inclined to voice disfavor. On the whole, the sense of the meeting was favorable.

BARTLET. All of this is excellent; but, of course, it does not assume the stupendous enterprise of sending men out to Eastern lands. There must be something, some organization, some financial and ecclesiastical basis before they can depart on such a mission. Where is this to come from? There is certainly no such organization in this country; of that I am sure. No missionaries have ever been sent from these shores to the heathen.

WORCESTER. Perfectly true. And, from the mother country, no Protestant missionaries were ever sent to the Orient until a few years ago. We must admit that the Reformation has not produced, in these two or three centuries since its work began, a vitally missionary church. The Roman Communion, especially the Jesuit body, has been far, far ahead of us in this respect. Francis Xavier is a notable example.



BARTLET. There are, however, English Protestant missionaries at the present time in India I know, of course. English Congregationalists have established the London Missionary Society.

SPRING. Ten years ago the Church of England also organized missionary work, but it is a singular circumstance that the small sect of the Baptists were the pioneers in the field. Their work began in 1792.

BARTLET. The Baptists? I had forgotten that fact. Probably they stand for more in England than here.

WORCESTER. No, I think not. Their first missionary, Carey, the first English Protestant foreign missionary, was a cobbler. He went out eighteen years ago.

BARTLET. I simply lost sight of the fact that Carey was a Baptist. Surprising! He has become very famous as a linguist and Orientalist, has he not?

SPRING. Yes. A marvelous man, and doing perhaps the most important evangelical work to-day in India. God sometimes uses the weak things of this world, we must remember, to confound the mighty.

WORCESTER. These facts, regarding the British missionary organizations, point clearly to the feasibility of our body considering a like enterprise.



Your question, Mr. Bartlet, regarding a basis from which these young brothers can be sent forth on their mission was the question which engaged Doctor Spring and me Wednesday night as we drove over here from Andover. Plainly, the call of God has come to us Christians of Massachusetts to organize for this specific purpose. We dare not doubt it.

BARTLET. Do you see your way definitely in the matter?

SPRING. Yes. Doctor Worcester and I will have to make a clean breast of it. We are at this moment arch-conspirators, for we went so far last night as to frame a proposition to be laid before the Association for the composition of what we would style "The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions." We think nine members would be a suitable number, and we have drawn up, in tentative form, their powers and privileges.

BARTLET. If this measure goes through, then there *will be* an organization to receive and consider an undertaking of this nature.

SPRING. Precisely. The appeal having been made——

*Knock at the door. Enter JUDSON, RICE, and NEWELL. They have walked ten miles from Andover. They are received cordially and presented to BARTLET.*



WORCESTER. Mr. Judson, let us proceed at once, as it is nearly time for the session to open. Have you prepared the petition as advised?

JUDSON. Yes, Doctor Worcester, with the help of these other men. (*Takes paper from pocket.*)

SPRING. Would it not expedite matters if Mr. Judson were to read this communication to us himself?

BARTLET. I should esteem it a peculiar privilege if I were allowed to hear a document, which, I am becoming convinced, may be regarded by generations to come as the corner-stone of a great structure.

JUDSON *reads petition, wholly or in part.*

“The undersigned, members of the Divinity College, respectfully request the attention of their reverend Fathers, convened in the General Association at Bradford, to the following statement and inquiries:

“They beg leave to state that their minds have been long impressed with the duty and importance of personally attempting a mission to the heathen; that the impressions on their minds have induced a serious, and, as they trust, a prayerful consideration of the subject in its various attitudes, particularly in relation to the probable success and the difficulties attending such an attempt; and that, after examining all the information which they can obtain, *they consider themselves as devoted to this*



*work for life*, whenever God, in his providence, shall open the way.

“They now offer the following inquiries, on which they solicit the opinion and advice of this Association: Whether, with their present views and feelings, they ought to renounce the object of missions as either visionary or impracticable; if not, whether they ought to direct their attention to the Eastern or the Western world; whether they may expect patronage and support from a missionary society in this country, or must commit themselves to the direction of a European society; and what preparatory measures they ought to take, previous to actual engagement.

“The undersigned, feeling their youth and inexperience, look up to their Fathers in the church, and respectfully solicit their advice, direction, and prayers.

Signed,

ADONIRAM JUDSON, JR.,  
SAMUEL NOTT, JR.,  
SAMUEL J. MILLS,  
SAMUEL NEWELL,  
LUTHER RICE,  
JAMES RICHARDS.”<sup>6</sup>

<sup>6</sup> Adoniram Judson sailed for India February 19, 1812; labored as missionary in Burma, under auspices of the Baptist denomination, until his death, April 12, 1850.

Samuel Nott sailed for India February 24, 1812. He worked as





SPRING. This is well stated, and an adequate setting forth of the contention of you young gentlemen. 'Are we agreed on this?' (*Addressing DOCTOR WORCESTER and MR. BARTLET.*)

WORCESTER. I entirely approve.

BARTLET. The statement is manly and straightforward; the tone, respectful and becoming.

SPRING. But I had not understood that there were to be so many applicants. (*He takes the paper from JUDSON.*) I supposed the number to be four.

WORCESTER. Yes. I did not know that you, Mr. Rice, and also Mr. Richards, expected to offer yourselves at this time as ready to go out if sent.

RICE. I have not been as long in Andover Seminary as these other men, but my conviction of duty in the matter dates back to my college days in Williams. Yes, Doctor Spring; I am ready, and so is Richards.

missionary in Bombay. His health failing, he returned to the United States in 1815, where he resided until his death.

Samuel J. Mills was ordained to the ministry in 1815; was active in the organization of the United Foreign Missionary and the American Colonization Societies. He visited Africa in 1818, died on his return voyage, and was buried at sea June 16, 1818.

Samuel Newell sailed for India February 19, 1812. After a year or two spent in the Isle of France and Ceylon, he joined the mission in Bombay under Gordon Hall and Samuel Nott. Here he labored as missionary until his death, May 29, 1821.

Luther Rice sailed for India February 24, 1812. On account of change of views regarding baptism and constitutional inability to endure the climate of India, he returned to the United States the following year. Here he labored as agent and missionary of the Baptist General Convention until his death, September 25, 1836.

James Richards sailed for Ceylon October 23, 1815. In spite of steadily declining health, he did the work of a devoted missionary until his death, August 3, 1822.



SPRING. That is wholly right and honorable on your part, but we must move cautiously in a matter of such vast importance. Remember the Association is wholly unprepared for a request like this. It is a conservative body. They might look without disfavor upon such a purpose in the minds of three men, or even four. But, I believe, if more names are signed, they would be seized with alarm, and the idea of a kind of contagious fanaticism breaking out in Andover Seminary might spring up, and react disastrously upon the undertaking. Do you see the point?

BARTLET. May I put in just a word? I am sure that so long a list of signatures would have precisely the effect which Doctor Spring fears.

RICE. I can see the reasonableness of this position, and I consent to have my name withdrawn. But I cannot withdraw from my purpose on that account. It is fixed.

SPRING. Quite right and proper, young man. Your name and that of Richards can be added later.

WORCESTER. I earnestly hope they will.

SPRING *crosses to a desk, takes up a quill pen and strikes off the names of RICHARDS and RICE. As he is doing this a knock is heard at the door; enter the Bradford pastor, who announces that the meeting of the Association has already opened.*

*Curtain.*



*During the close of scene, singing by chorus as of the congregation in audience-room of the meeting-house:*

Begin, my tongue, some heavenly theme,  
And speak some boundless thing;  
The mighty works, or mightier name  
Of our eternal King.

## SCENE II

*Time. Three hours later.*

*Place. Living-room in house of Deacon John Hasseltine, Bradford, Massachusetts. Furniture, appointments, and costumes typical of period. Door at left; a window at rear of scene, also a door. Through door at left, open, there may be seen, beyond a passageway, the dining-room, with long tables set.*

*Enter ANN HASSELTINE. She is about twenty-one, girlish, spirituelle, with large, dark eyes, dark curling hair. Her expression is brilliant and changing. She wears broad muslin ruffles at neck of flowered silk gown, which is high-waisted; sleeves puffed, skirt scant and short. (See portrait in Life by Knowles, published in 1831.) On her feet, slippers with crossed ribbons. She carries roses in her hand, which she arranges in a jar on center table, step-*





*ping back to look at them. Enter HARRIET ATWOOD, a girl of seventeen, with innocent, childlike face and large, dark, pathetic eyes.*

ANN (*hurrying to welcome her friend with a kiss*). You good child, to get here so early! What should we do without our little Harriet to help, for there may be even as many as twenty divines and Christian gentlemen to dine.

HARRIET (*laying aside her bonnet and scarf*). What will you give me to do first, Nancy? Are the tables ready?

ANN. Yes, the last touch is given them, and mother has slipped away to change her gown. Now come and nestle for a moment in our favorite nook. (*She draws HARRIET to a small settle, or large chair, in which they sit together.*)

HARRIET. You are quite ready, I see, and looking most charming. Why, Nancy; your eyes are like stars! You look as if you had heard good news.

ANN. What a penetrating soul you are! O Harriet, there is great news, and I am quite carried away! Father came over from the meeting-house an hour since and told me; then returned to gather his guests together and bring them back to dinner. They will be here anon.

HARRIET. But what is it that has happened?



ANN. There has been a petition presented to the Association by several young gentlemen, divinity students from Andover, who desire to be sent out as soon as possible to Asia to preach to the inhabitants. Just fancy! No one has ever gone from this country to the Orient for the sake of Christ and his gospel before.

HARRIET. But is it certain these men will go? Who will send them?

ANN. Oh, that is coming out quite wonderfully. There is much, much more to the story. The Fathers have decided now, since several persons are eager to go, to form a Board for this very purpose of sending out missionaries to distant regions. The formation of the Board will be the order of the day to-morrow. And they have referred the Andover students' petition to a committee of three.

HARRIET. I hope they are men favorable to such a wonderful project, but I suppose many, most perhaps, would think it quite wild and fanatical, and there it would end.

ANN. Oh, yes; there are plenty, I am sure, of that way of thinking. But Doctor Spring, of Newburyport, and Doctor Worcester, of Salem, and Mr. Hale are men of vision, my Harriet, men whose hearts the love of God has touched with compassion for a lost world. They could not, *could not* frown upon so Christlike a purpose.



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HARRIET. Then it will come to pass, you believe?

ANN. I believe, and, believing, I cannot help singing with Mary: "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit doth rejoice in God my Saviour."

HARRIET. O Nancy, you are so good, so different from other girls, from all the rest of us! So different—from yourself, as you were once.

ANN. I was the wildest creature you ever knew, when we first met! Was I not?

HARRIET. Candidly, I think you were; that is, the gayest and the most completely bent on pleasure. You were restless and uneasy unless some gaiety was in the wind. No one could sing as blithe a song, or dance as long and never tire, or make merry as unceasingly as Nancy. 'And you cared more than any girl in those days for pretty frocks, and I think you rather have an eye for them still. Surely, the one you wear to-day becomes you vastly.

'ANN. Was I a very wicked worldling then, Harriet?

HARRIET. Not wicked, never that, but a worldling I confess you were; the most engaging little worldling, though, ever seen. But now you almost frighten me, you have such high, serious thoughts. If you were a man, I believe you would be a hero like these petitioners you are telling me about.



ANN. I do not think I am made of heroic stuff, Harriet; but I envy any one, man or woman, the exquisite hope of going forth on such an errand as theirs.

HARRIET. You envy them, Nancy dear? Think of the sacrifice, of leaving home and friends and all that makes this life sweet!

ANN. I think God gives great grace to those whom he calls to great suffering, don't you? And how is light ever to come into that darkness of heathenism unless the followers of Christ are willing to make sacrifices?

HARRIET. Nancy, you ought to be a clergyman yourself. You could preach. (*Leaving the arm-chair and going toward the window.*) But I am in such a state of excitement at your news that I can't keep still. I am thinking, what if one of those young crusaders should walk right into this room!

ANN (*laughing*). Some of them are likely to, any minute. They are in Bradford, and I suppose they have to have their dinner like any one else.

HARRIET. Hush! Nancy, a young man has just turned in at the garden gate.

ANN *springs to her feet; both girls stand for a minute silent at attention. A step and a knock at the door are heard. ANN crosses the room and opens the door. Enter ADONIRAM JUDSON.*

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✠ Jesus Christ's Men ✠

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JUDSON (*removing his hat and bowing ceremoniously*). Is this the home, if you please, of Deacon John Hasseltine?

ANN. It is, and I am John Hasseltine's daughter. Will you come in? (JUDSON *enters*.) I hope you are one of our expected dinner guests.

JUDSON. You are very kind to say so, Miss Hasseltine. I walked over from Andover this morning—ten miles you know—and it is a cheering prospect, that of being your guest for dinner. My name, if you please, is Judson.

ANN (*presenting him to* HARRIET). Miss Atwood, this is Mr. Judson, from Andover. (*They shake hands.*)

JUDSON. Miss Hasseltine, your father asked my friend Rice and myself to come over here in advance, and say that in ten minutes at most he will be here with fifteen friends.

ANN. Very good. We hoped for twenty.

JUDSON. The hospitality of your house is renowned, and I consider myself a very fortunate man to share it to-day. I lost Rice somewhere on the way. Ah, there he is now!

*He steps to the window. ANN opens door. RICE enters, and is presented to ANN and HARRIET. They all stand an instant facing each other silently.*

ANN (*simply, directly, even solemnly*). 'Are you





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two of the number of 'Andover men who have asked to be sent out to the heathen?

RICE and JUDSON *each place a hand on the other's shoulder with a spontaneous, brotherly motion.*

JUDSON. This man is the president of our missionary society in Andover.

RICE. And this man is its inspiration.

*Curtain.*

### SCENE III

*The same. 'An hour later.*

*Through the open door at left come sounds from the dining-room of voices, silver, china, etc., indicating that dinner is under way. On a sofa, half reclining, HARRIET ATWOOD, flushed and tired. Enter ANN HASSELTINE from door at left; she wears a muslin apron over her gown, and is breathless and excited.*

ANN. The poor, little Harriet is quite tired out I fear. Indeed, we have had no end of running to and fro. And those tureens were too heavy for these delicate little wrists to carry. (*Affectionately clasping a wrist of HARRIET'S in each hand.*)

HARRIET. I am not at all too tired, Nancy; and I loved serving such a goodly company. What noble, distinguished men they are!

'ANN (*abstractedly*). Yes, quite so.



HARRIET. But, Nancy, though he has not weight and dignity of years like the Fathers, no man in that room (*pointing to the open door at left*) has to me so high a spiritual light on his face as Mr. Judson.

'ANN *looks at her, meditatively, in silence, puts her head on one side with an air of whimsical questioning, then walks on tiptoe to the door at left, and closes it softly.*

'ANN. I am glad you have so favorable an impression. For my own part, I was never so disappointed.

HARRIET. Nancy! What can you mean? Why, Mr. Rice has been telling me of his friend in most exalting strain. It seems that Mr. Judson really himself framed that petition, that he is the moving force in all this Andover agitation. Mr. Newell and Mr. Nott simply follow his leading, in a way. He has a sweeping, impetuous spirit, so fervent that it may not be withstood. Why, Ann Hasseltine——

'ANN (*laughing*). Well, well, little Harriet, Mr. Judson could have no more ardent champion than you. But it is just because of hearing things like this from one and another, spoken to be sure, aside and discreetly, that I expected all through the dinner to hear this young Mr. Judson discourse in some marvelous manner. At least, I thought to see him show an alert attention to the discussion of his own darling project.



HARRIET. 'And did he not? I was too busy at the other end of the table to note particularly what went forward down at your end.

ANN. Indeed no, Harriet. The man, in the first place, ate almost nothing, in spite of his long walk from Andover.

HARRIET. In itself, an offense to a hostess!

ANN. You are a mischievous child. Not that, but he sat there, silent throughout, his eyes fixed upon his plate or upon the goldfinch's cage, and scarcely did he speak once.

HARRIET. I stole a glance at him myself once or twice.

ANN. Very well. And at those times was he conversing?

HARRIET. No, love; he was not. He was gazing steadfastly at you. Furthermore, Mr. Rice told me that while the others were gathering to come to the table, Mr. Judson was much occupied in quoting lines to him by an English poet named Wordsworth, I think; anyway, the verses are quite new and very pretty. Something like this they run:

"She was a phantom of delight

When first she gleamed upon my sight,

'A lovely apparition, sent—

. . . . .

To haunt, to startle, and waylay."





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There, you see, I cannot quote it. I remember only a line here and there.

ANN. You do well to rehearse so much of what you have heard only at second-hand, or even third. I should say it might be very nice poetry.

HARRIET (*springing to her feet, laughing*). Very nice! O Nancy, how hard you try to appear unconscious! Enough of this nonsense anyway! I am going back to help Mamma Hasseltine.

ANN *has turned away, and crossed to window. As HARRIET leaves by door at left, JUDSON enters, bows her out, closes door, and comes forward.*

JUDSON. Pardon my abruptness, Miss Hasseltine. You are informed regarding the purpose of my friends and myself to sail for some Asiatic country on a religious mission as soon as the church Fathers are ready to authorize us?

ANN. Yes, I have been told something concerning it.

JUDSON. Are you of those who regard such an enterprise as the romantic dream of youthful imagination; or, worse, the wild fanaticism of ill-balanced brains?

ANN. I had thought of it as the call of God.

JUDSON. God bless you for the thought. It has not been easy, believe me, to battle with the contempt of the worldly, the prejudice of the church



at large, of the ministry even, and the weakness and cowardice of my own heart.

ANN. But you have won the battle.

JUDSON. Never could I have won it alone. God has been working mightily on the hearts of men, widely scattered, and his providence has been strangely manifested in inspiring us with a passion for missions first, and then in bringing us all together, so to strengthen each man's purpose.

ANN. I so wish I could know how this action of to-day ever came to be taken.

JUDSON. Sometime it may be my privilege to tell you all the way the hand of God has led us. Not now. But, you see, when we all met at the same seminary, and came to a mutual understanding on the ground of foreign missions and missions for life, the subject assumed in our minds such an overwhelming importance and awful solemnity as bound us to one another and to our purpose more firmly than ever.

ANN. The tie that binds you together must be a blessed one and strong. But have you no fear, no misgiving as you look forward? Your work may call you to wide separation.

JUDSON. Isolation, hardships, sufferings, dangers, persecutions, a violent death perhaps, are plainly to be seen in such a future. Nevertheless, to me the prospects are bright and animating. I wait



with impatience the day when at last a ship shall sail from Massachusetts waters, bound for the Orient with a man on board named Judson, with the goal of his desires in sight.

ANN. Why did you not speak out like this at the table, Mr. Judson, among the learned doctors and delegates? You will forgive my boldness, but I am sure all expected some such expressions as these from your lips.

JUDSON (*hesitates, starts to speak, stops, then laughingly proceeds*). Please try to realize that I am not mere missionary, but also a man. You have asked a question which you—not I—call a “bold” one. I shall answer it then with boldness. I believe I *was* abstracted and silent at the table, and I have not even the excuse that I was absorbed in thoughts of my mission.

*As he speaks the door at left is opened. Enter DOCTOR WORCESTER, DOCTOR SPRING, MR. BARTLET, RICE, and other guests, conversing as they come. JUDSON proceeds in a lower voice, hurriedly:*

Miss Hasseltine, I was thinking of only one subject—yourself; and I was so foolish as to forget everything around me in struggling to compose some verses in your praise, not too unworthy of one who has to-day dawned upon me with something of an angel light.

*Curtain.*



SCENE IV.

*Time. Thursday, February 6, 1812.*

*Place. Steps of Tabernacle Congregational Meeting-house, Salem, Massachusetts.*

CHORUS *within sings:*

Ye Christian heralds go, proclaim  
Salvation in Immanuel's name;  
To distant lands the tidings bear,  
And plant the rose of Sharon there.

*As the singing ceases, the church bell begins to toll for close of service, and the congregation, in winter costumes of period, pours out of the church door and disperses right and left. Many show marked emotion, and a sense of solemnity is manifest throughout the company. Among the last of the congregation appear three matrons, who pause near center at the front of stage, and comment upon the service of ordination just concluded.*

MRS. WHITE. Never in the township of Salem was such a day known as this, nor such a solemn service. (*She wipes tears from her eyes.*)

MRS. BROWN. Our children will tell it to their children, and the story of it will go down through all the generations, of these lads, scarce more than



children, as you might say, who dare to take their lives in their hands and go out among the heathen. Poor souls! Never may we look upon their faces again!

MRS. WHITE. But I can't but think of their mothers. 'Ah me! Did you hear that strange, irrepressible sighing and weeping which passed through the church once and again?

MRS. GREEN. To me it was more like the sound of the trees in a forest when a great wind passes over them.

MRS. BROWN. But did you see Nancy Hasseltine—Mrs. Judson, I should say—there in the midst? 'A' bride but of yesterday, and now set apart to cross the cruel seas and live among wild beasts and wilder folk! Never did I know a sweeter maid than she. (*She dries her eyes.*)

MRS. GREEN. I was watchin' her when hands were laid on her young husband's head, and her face was as the face of an angel.

MRS. WHITE. 'And that dear child with her—Harriet Atwood! Did you note her? To me she has the look in her eyes of those who die young. She is but nineteen, and to be married to that young Mr. Newell in a few days and sail with the rest.

MRS. DAY *joins the group*, also MISS FAIRLY.

MRS. DAY. What makes these young ladies go out to India? I never heard of a woman doing such





a thing before. Why don't they stay at home like other girls?

MRS. BROWN. Why, they think it their duty to go and help carry the gospel to the heathen. Wouldn't you go if you thought it was your duty?

MRS. DAY. I would take care not to think it was my duty. I thank God for my birth in a Christian land, and in a Christian land I propose to stay.

*On the church steps now appear* MRS. JUDSON (ANN HASSELTINE) *and* HARRIET ATWOOD. *They stand quietly together, hand in hand.*

MRS. WHITE. Just see them there, holding hands to comfort each other, poor lambs!

MISS FAIRLY. I don't believe we need pity them. They seem to me very happy. Just now, when I got through with playing the organ and was coming down the gallery stairs, I met them at the foot of it, and their faces were just shining. I know Nancy Hasseltine almost as well as my own sister. She boarded with us when she taught school here in Salem. She has the courage of a lion with the heart of a dove. She has promised to write to me when she gets out to India.

MRS. GREEN. Well, now, won't it be interestin' to read her letters? I hope you'll give the rest of us a chance to hear them read. I must hurry home now. Good night.



## Jesus Christ's Men



*All go out but MRS. JUDSON and HARRIET, who stand on the step. Enter from church door DOCTOR BOLLES, pastor of First Baptist Church in Salem. He is hastening away; but, seeing the young women, stops and addresses MRS. JUDSON.*

BOLLES. Pardon the liberty, but is this the wife of Adoniram Judson?

MRS. JUDSON. Yes, I have been such since yesterday.

BOLLES. Then may I be so bold as to offer you my most profound congratulations and good wishes? (*Offers his hand with cordiality, which is returned by MRS. JUDSON.*) I am Pastor Bolles of the First Baptist Church here in town. But if the candidates just ordained had been my own sons, I could not have rejoiced more sincerely than I do in this day's event. 'A great epoch is achieved in Christian history. I thank God I have lived to hear the good confession witnessed by your husband and his young comrades-at-arms.

MRS. JUDSON. Your sympathy cheers and warms my heart. I thank you.

BOLLES. 'A few days since, Mrs. Judson, I had the pleasure of a brief conversation with your husband. 'At that time he said to me: "I hope that before long the Baptist denomination in 'America will follow the shining example of their brethren in



Great Britain, and send out their own foreign missionaries to reenforce the work of Carey." Will you tell him from me that those words sank deeply in my heart and, please God, shall bring forth fruit ere long.

MRS. JUDSON. You should give my husband this hopeful word yourself, Doctor Bolles.

BOLLES. I do not venture to press myself on his attention just now at this solemn and sacred moment, and it may not be my privilege to see him again before you set sail. So take the message for me, and fare you well.

*He clasps the hand of MRS. JUDSON and then that of HARRIET. Goes out. Enter from church door, two by two, six clergymen in black gowns and Geneva bands—DOCTOR SPRING, DOCTOR MORSE, DOCTOR GRIFFIN, DOCTOR WOODS, DOCTOR WORCESTER, pastor of the church, and DOCTOR STUART. Following them enter GORDON HALL, SAMUEL NOTT, SAMUEL NEWELL, ADONIRAM JUDSON, and LUTHER RICE. The ages of the candidates: HALL and NEWELL, 29; RICE, 30; JUDSON and NOTT, 25. MRS. JUDSON and HARRIET draw back in some confusion.*

WORCESTER (*putting out his hand with a gesture of kindly invitation*). Please remain a moment, young ladies, and let us give you our congratulations. (*He gives a hand to each.*)





## Jesus Christ's Men



GRIFFIN. Yes, and our benediction.

WORCESTER (*presenting the two girls to the Fathers*). This, brethren, is Mrs. 'Adoniram Judson, who was married in Bradford yesterday ; she is a daughter of our good friend, Deacon John Hasseltine.

*As WORCESTER speaks, JUDSON moves to the side of his wife, and draws her hand within his arm. SAMUEL NEWELL follows, standing in like manner with HARRIET 'ATWOOD. The Fathers, in an irregular semicircle confronting the two youthful couples, gaze upon them with looks of solemn tenderness and sympathy. Behind the JUDSONS, NEWELL, and HARRIET, the other young men just ordained—RICE, HALL, and NOTT—range themselves slightly in the background.*

WORCESTER. 'And this young lady, Miss 'Atwood, who stands so modestly beside our Brother Newell, is soon to be his bride. I say to you with a full heart, dear daughters, God bless you and uphold you in your chosen mission.

THE FATHERS. 'Amen.

SPRING. You, in the bloom of your youth, are about to do what no 'American woman has ever done before, but which I prophesy many in time to come will do, moved by your example. No enterprise comparable to this has been embraced by



the American church. All others retire before it, like the stars before the sun. You have been separated for this work whereunto you have been called. We, with hands of benediction laid upon your heads, with fasting, and with prayer, send you forth. The ship on which you are to sail is at this moment rocking at its moorings in Salem harbor, ready to sail with a favoring wind. The hopes and prayers of many years on the part of these young soldiers of the Cross seem now to be fulfilled.

WOODS. I had not heard that passage was already engaged. What is the ship?

STUART. The brigantine "Caravan," Captain Heard, bound for Calcutta.

WOODS. And are all these young friends to sail on the selfsame ship?

RICE. No, sir. Gordon Hall, Samuel Nott, and I leave to-night for Philadelphia. We have engaged passage on the "Harmony," bound also for Calcutta, from that port.

HALL. We hope to arrive in India not far from the same time, and not far from five months hence.

MORSE. May I ask if the deputation assigned to the "Harmony" is equally favored with those of the "Caravan." (*With a gesture he indicates the young women.*)

HALL. I go alone, Doctor Morse.



NOTT. It is my hope to be married on Saturday, the eighth.

MORSE. And you, Mr. Rice, whom we have all welcomed with peculiar pleasure to this band, knowing what obstacles you have overcome, unaided, how about you in this respect?

RICE. I have no such hope, sir. That page in my history has been turned. I have run a somewhat solitary course thus far, and solitary I feel it is to remain to the end.

SPRING. We will count you then a species of Free Lance, Mr. Rice, among this band of young Knights-Crusaders. And you may fight a no less gallant fight than they. Brethren, the hour is late. (*Stretching out his hands as if in benediction to the young missionaries.*) God be with you till we meet again.

*The Fathers, with parting salutations to the young men and women, depart in stately order, two by two, from scene. Twilight is falling. RICE, NOTT, and HALL follow at a little distance. MR. and MRS. JUDSON, NEWELL and HARRIET come forward, hand in hand, standing in above order, left to right. It is dark. In the background stands SPIRIT OF LOVE with outstretched arms, as if in blessing.*

JUDSON.

God the Father give us grace  
To walk in the light of Jesus' face.



## Jesus Christ's Men



MRS. JUDSON.

God the Son give us a part  
In the hiding-place of Jesus' heart.

NEWELL.

God the Spirit so hold us up  
That we may drink of Jesus' cup.

HARRIET.

Death is short, and life is long;  
Satan is strong, but Christ more strong.

*Curtain.*

CHORUS *and audience rise and sing:*

The Son of God goes forth to war,  
A kingly crown to gain;  
His blood-red banner streams afar,  
Who follows in his train?  
Who best can drink his cup of woe,  
Triumphant over pain;  
Who patient bears his cross below,  
He follows in his train.

The martyr first, whose eagle eye  
Could pierce beyond the grave,  
Who saw his Master in the sky,  
'And called on him to save:  
Like him with pardon on his tongue,  
In midst of mortal pain,  
He prayed for them that did the wrong:  
Who follows in his train?



## Jesus Christ's Men



A noble army, men and boys,  
The matron and the maid,  
'Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,  
In robes of light arrayed:  
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven  
Through peril, toil, and pain:  
O God, to us may grace be given  
To follow in their train!

### SCENE V

*Time. Dusk of a September evening, 1813.*

*Scene. As in previous scene. Meeting-house door is closed. Within the church a woman's voice is heard singing softly:*

A poor wayfaring man of grief  
Hath often crossed me on my way,  
'And sued so humbly for relief  
That I could never answer, Nay.  
I'd not the power to ask his name,  
Whither he went or whence he came;  
But there was something in his eye  
Which won my love, I knew not why.

*Enter LUTHER RICE, in broad-brimmed hat and long traveling cloak, staff in hand. He walks slowly, with bent head, up to the church steps and*





*listens to the voice singing. During his monologue low organ music is heard from within the church.*

RICE. "A poor wayfaring man of grief!" Yes, the old song has a new and poignant note to-night. It lacks little now of two years since I stood on this spot before. The door was open then. To-night it is closed. That day I stood with the precious company of my brothers and companions. To-night I stand alone. Then, the Fathers gathered on this threshold bent looks of affection and sympathy upon me, and lifted hands of benediction above my head. Now they turn away from me; they ask nothing at my hands—no tidings from the field, no recital of the tribulations through which our little band has passed since we parted here on the night of our ordination. The places which knew me shall know me no more; even this sacred house where I met my God in the most solemn hour of my life is *my* sanctuary no longer. The world seems cold and gray, for in India I have left our little, hapless band divided, dispersed, and distressed: Hall and Nott are in Bombay; Newell, a broken-hearted man, is a wanderer alone in Ceylon; Judson, my soul's brother, is tossed on troubled Indian seas, hoping by some means at last to reach Burma, his desired haven. I have been in perils by the heathen, in perils in the wilderness, in perils on the sea; I have been brought to the verge of

the grave, and what is more bitter than the bitterness of death, I have found myself called to sever the dearest ties of life—those binding me to my Christian friends on this side the Atlantic.

Thus I stand here again to-night, buffeted by many blasts, alone, a poor wayfaring man of grief, before a closed door, knowing not what awaits me.

What then? Have done with this despondent strain! Life awaits me, new Christian fellowship awaits me; the call of God to labor for the lost is upon me; and somewhere, I know not where, in India, the beloved Judson, with an angel by his side, awaits the issue of my errand here.

*Organ music ceases. Enter from church* MISS FAIRLY, *the organist, a large key and portfolio in her hand.* She sees RICE.

MISS FAIRLY. Oh!

RICE (*startled*). Pardon me. I might have guessed some one was within the church. It is Miss Fairly, the organist of old in this place, if I am not mistaken.

MISS FAIRLY. Yes, you are right. But I do not recognize you. And yet your face is familiar, and yet more familiar your voice.

RICE. You conducted the music, I think, nearly two years ago, when Gordon Hall, Judson, and others were ordained and set apart for service in India. It was in February, 1812.



## Jesus Christ's Men



MISS FAIRLY (*holding out her hand with warmth*). It is Luther Rice, but I supposed you were in India. I remember you perfectly, and the good confession you made that day.

RICE (*taking her hand, but with diffidence*). Your cordiality warms my soul, but I must not accept it under false appearance. I arrived in New York a short time ago. Do you know why I have returned from India?

MISS FAIRLY. No, I know nothing whatever, and I can hardly believe the witness of my eyes that it is you. Have you been ill? You look white and worn.

RICE. Yes, I have been very ill. It is not probable that I can ever live in the climate of India. Still, that is not the main reason for my return.

MISS FAIRLY. Mr. Rice, you are, I know, the bosom friend of Ann Hasseltine's husband.

RICE. You know Mrs. Judson then?

MISS FAIRLY. Know and love her with all my heart.

RICE. God never put a nobler soul into human clay more exquisite.

MISS FAIRLY. I have recently had a letter from her, whom you so well describe. Is it possible that in that letter, which I have here in my hand, may be found the key to your presence here?

*She opens the portfolio and brings out a letter.*





RICE. Nothing could more vitally interest me than any intelligence from those so dear, from whom I parted in the Isle of France with sorrow unspeakable last March.

MISS FAIRLY. This letter bears date of a year ago, but I have only lately received it. Let me read a line here and there. (*Reads.*)

"Can you still love me, still desire to hear from me, my dear, when I tell you I have become a Baptist?" Then she describes the way in which Mr. Judson began to study into the subject of baptism while they were at sea on the "Caravan," and how she, Ann, always declared that even if he should end by becoming a Baptist, never would she. But she proceeds:

"We were finally compelled from a consideration of truth to embrace these principles. Thus, my dear friend, we are confirmed Baptists, not because we wished to be, but because truth compelled us to be. We have endeavored to count the cost and be prepared for the many severe trials resulting from this change of sentiment. We anticipate the loss of reputation and of the affection and esteem of our American friends. These things have caused us to weep and pour out our hearts in prayer to Him, whose direction we so much wish and need. We feel that we are alone in the world, with no real friend but each other, no one on whom



we can depend but God. The renunciation of our former sentiments has caused us more pain than anything which ever happened to us in our lives.”

My poor Nancy! Is not the letter heartrending? But have you known perhaps a like experience?

RICE. Yes, I can say Amen to every word. I have had the same exercise of mind with these dear souls, and was baptized with the same baptism in the city of Calcutta last November. Now that you know of my apostasy, or my conversion, whichever you may call it—can you still give me a cordial hand-grasp, Miss Fairly?

MISS FAIRLY (*holding out her hand*). With all my heart. I regard you more highly, rather than less so. No matter whether you are mistaken, you are true to your conviction, and at great cost.

RICE. I thank you. Such an expression brightens all the world to me to-night. It is what I needed. But Miss Fairly, I am not thinking alone of myself as I stand here. I am haunted by a vision of her, the youngest and gentlest of our little company that day, the first American martyr to the cause of missions.

MISS FAIRLY. Little Harriet Newell? Word has reached us of her untimely death, but I have heard nothing beyond the fact.

RICE. When Mr. and Mrs. Judson arrived in the port of St. Louis on the Isle of France, in the



Indian Ocean, I stood beside them on the deck of the "Creole." We watched the scene of fairylike beauty and tropical verdure together, but I understood well by the mantling cheek and kindling eye of Mrs. Judson that her one, sole thought was, "At last I am to be reunited to my precious Harriet!" For we had had five months of indescribable hardship and peril since the Newells parted from us in Calcutta and preceded us to this island, and Mrs. Judson had sorely missed this dear companion of her girlhood. When the "Creole" came to her moorings, our friend Newell instantly boarded her. He was alone, and the pallor and anguish stamped upon his face told of tragic grief. In broken words, with rending sobs, he told them that Harriet was no more. Mrs. Judson's woe was piteous to witness, and I feared to see her fall unconscious.

MISS FAIRLY. What a terrible blow! How inexpressibly mournful for them all! Can you tell me more?

RICE. A little child had been born at sea; born but to die and find its grave in the depths. The young mother never recovered her vital forces, and sank quickly after the arrival at Port Louis. In view of death these two lonely, undaunted souls partook together of the communion of the Lord's death, and alone beside her Newell watched her spirit depart. He laid her away, "the wife of his



## Jesus Christ's Men



youth and the desire of his eyes, his own dear Harriet," as he pathetically described her, in the heathy ground of that far island.

MISS FAIRLY (*weeping*). I never heard a sadder tale.

RICE. "For the love of Christ," one has said, "and immortal souls, she left the bosom of her friends and found an early grave in the land of strangers." Yes, sad and tragic to our human sight, but for herself death was a glorious entrance into a better world. She welcomed death fearlessly, Miss Fairly, that frail girl of nineteen, as her good angel, her best friend. You are going—forgive me that I have kept you so long. I grow garrulous when I find—so new an experience—a sympathetic listener.

MISS FAIRLY (*overcome with emotion*). Good night. Thank you. I shall see you again—hear more—hear all you can tell me of my beloved Nancy. (*Goes out.*)

RICE *stands alone with bowed head, arms crossed upon his breast.*

CHORUS *sings softly:*

For all the saints who from their labors rest,  
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,  
Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blest.

Allelulia!



## Jesus Christ's Men



Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their  
Might;

Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;  
Thou in the darkness drear their only Light.

Allelulia!

*RICE steps down from church door and starts to cross stage; is met by DOCTOR BOLLES, who has entered at the left, and is hurrying along with the air of an urgent errand.*

BOLLES (*clasping his hands with warmth*).  
What! Luther Rice himself! This is most opportune. I came home from Boston an hour ago, and have been trying to learn your whereabouts. Some one had seen you wandering alone down by the harbor, but there I lost your trail. I was not even sure that you were in Salem still.

RICE. Glad am I to be found of you.

BOLLES. I have spent the day with wise and discreet brethren in Boston, conferring as to the best course to pursue in view of this marvelous Providence which has cut yourself and the Judsons loose from all the ties which bound you to the American Board. Judson has written to us Baptists here in America: "Should there be formed a Baptist society for support of a mission in these parts, I shall be ready to consider myself their missionary." The answer has gone back to him: "Your letter





caused peculiar emotions; we consider it the voice of God."

RICE. Thanks be to his name!

BOLLES. The Baptists of Massachusetts, and we doubt not of the whole country, are on fire with sacred joy at the glory and the responsibility so unexpectedly thrust upon them. They are ready to rise to it. The Judsons will be supported, rest assured, as our missionaries. And for you, you are our missionary also. But we cannot send you back at present to India. Your presence here among us at this crisis is of vital importance. Your work lies before you—that of missionary and agent to travel in these United States, with a view to excite the public mind more generally to engage in missionary exertions.

RICE. A great and arduous work.

BOLLES. Yes, but one for which we are convinced your natural abilities peculiarly qualify you. Furthermore, let me say that in view of the unorganized condition of our Baptist forces, so recently set free from severe civic disabilities, so long suppressed by the older establishment, the work of a missionary on this side is not one whit less valuable, less necessary than the work upon which your heart has been set with Judson in India. Now, when the time comes, as come it will, and that



## Jesus Christ's Men



soon, that a definite request is laid before you to enter upon this duty, what will be your answer?

RICE. Yes, unqualifiedly. In India, it is proved, my life would in brief time be cut off, but I can work *for* India no less loyally on this side the ocean. To such labor I should dedicate myself, with every faculty and force of which I am possessed.

*Curtain.*

CHORUS. (*Audience rise and join in hymn.*)

God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
'And rides upon the storm.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.





SCENE VI

*Time. June, 1824.*

*Place. Ava, capital of Burma. Scene by the riverside—palms and tropical plants. A huge pagoda in background. A procession is seen of yellow-robed Buddhist monks following a painted car. They file through, and go out. At right front of stage, adjoining house of Judson, a bamboo veranda, in which are seated on the floor ten or fifteen Burmese women, girls, and children. One woman carries a half-naked, sick baby. Among them stands MRS. JUDSON in Burmese<sup>7</sup> costume. They repeat words of Scripture in Burmese (Twenty-third Psalm) after her. A bell sounds within house. All rise. Enter from house JUDSON in Burmese costume, MS. of Burmese New Testament in hand. MOUNG ING, a convert, follows him*

<sup>7</sup> "Mrs. Judson had long previous to this adopted the Burmese style of dress. Her rich Spanish complexion could never be mistaken for the tawny hue of the native; and her figure, of full medium height, appeared much taller and more commanding in a costume usually worn by women of inferior size. But her friend, the governor's wife, who presented her with the dress, had recommended the measure as a concession which would be sure to conciliate the people and win them to a kindlier treatment of her. Behold her then, her dark curls carefully straightened, drawn back from her forehead, and a fragrant cocoa blossom, drooping like a white plume from the knot upon the crown; her saffron vest thrown open to display the folds of crimson beneath, and a rich silken skirt, wrapped closely about her fine figure, parting at the ankle and sloping back upon the floor."



*with hymnal, then a number (six to ten) of Burmese men.*

CHORUS of converts, men and women, standing together, led by MOUNG ING, join in singing hymn of Krishnu Pal, first Hindu baptized by Doctor Carey, 1800.

O thou my soul, forget no more  
The Friend who all thy sorrows bore.

Let every idol be forgot:

But, O my soul, forget him not.

Renounce thy works and ways with grief,

'And fly to this divine relief;

Nor him forget, who left his throne,

'And for thy life gave up his own.

MRS. JUDSON'S *appearance is radiant and queenly. All rise, and the company breaks up with profound salaams to "the Teacher" and the "white Mama."*

MRS. JUDSON *detains the woman with the sick baby in her arms, and shows her peculiar tenderness. All but MR. and MRS. JUDSON go out.*

JUDSON (*looking at his wife with solicitude*). Four months, my Nancy, since your return from your 'American journey, and already the climate produces its effects upon you. That day when I welcomed you back to Rangoon after our fourteen months' separation, I saw once more 'Ann Hasseltine, the blooming, spirited girl whom I snatched



from her father's house and bore away to these strange shores. All the weariness and suffering of ten years in India seemed effaced. How can I bear to see their imprint appear anew upon the face dearest on earth?

MRS. JUDSON. Shall I remind you, love, of the apostolic word: "For though our outward man perish, yet is the inward man renewed day by day"? I am perfectly well; it is you who suffer. But, in spite of hollow cheek and fading eye, I feel that in us both exists an inward strength, which shall not fail until all is accomplished.

JUDSON. "Until all is accomplished"? What does that phrase signify? It has a sound which troubles me, Nancy. What do you fear?

MRS. JUDSON. I do not fear. And yet the sky around us seems to me growing ever darker. I feel a sinister, ominous influence at work against us.

JUDSON. You mean by reason of the rumors of war between Burma and the English? Because of the suspicion lately thrown upon English-speaking residents of Rangoon and Ava?

MRS. JUDSON. Yes, there is an undeniable change toward us of late on the part of the queen. I am convinced that we personally are under disfavor and suspicion.

JUDSON. You are right, Nancy. I will no longer seek to hide from you the fact that Doctor Price



and I were a few days since summoned before the Court of Inquiry, to prove whether or not we have held communication with foreigners as to the state of the country.

MRS. JUDSON (*clasping her hands and showing alarm*). But you were able to make everything perfectly clear? You certainly are innocent in this particular.

JUDSON. Entirely so. The difficulty is to make our innocence plain to judges who are utterly unacquainted with our methods.

MRS. JUDSON. Oh, what do you mean? What methods?

JUDSON. We were released without condition or threat and, as you see, are perfectly at liberty. Nevertheless it seemed to me there was an unbroken reserve, a certain stubborn dissatisfaction in the matter of our money-orders on the English Bengal banks. The Burmese, you see, know nothing of this method of transmitting money, and it seemed impossible to make it clear to them.

MRS. JUDSON (*quietly*). I see, there may be a difficulty there, and if a war is really on, there would probably be an interruption to the work of building up a church here in Ava, as you did so successfully in Rangoon.

JUDSON (*reluctantly*). Yes, I almost fear our coming to Ava was mistaken.



MRS. JUDSON. Nothing is a mistake when our hearts and purposes are sincere and free from selfish taint. Whatever happens, my love, you have by God's help planted the church of Christ in this stronghold of heathenism; you have accomplished the translation of the New Testament into Burmese, and your epitome of the Old Testament is finished. I believe this is but the beginning of what you are to do; but were it all, could we not, my husband, thank God, and feel in the very depths of our souls that we had not left home and native land in vain?

JUDSON (*taking her hands and clasping them to his breast*). You perfect woman, saint, angel, sent from heaven to uphold me! With you by my side, I shall not faint or grow weary. But, Nancy, I feel with you that the clouds darkly gather. (*He puts the New Testament, from which he has read in the service, into her hands.*) I entrust this, the sum of ten years of unceasing toil, to your keeping. We know not on what perilous margin we may be standing.

MRS. JUDSON *takes the MS. and hides it in the bosom of her dress.*

*They repeat together with hands clasped:*

Be it flood or blood the path that's trod,  
All the same it leads home to God.





*There is an instant of silence, suddenly broken by harsh, discordant sounds of drums and tom-toms and shouts. Enter an OFFICER holding a large black book. He is accompanied by ten or more attendants, among these the "Son of the Prison," the jailer,<sup>8</sup> with face spotted by branding-iron. This man is identical with the SPIRIT OF EVIL; he is the essence of heathenism. In place of crown he wears a yellow turban and a narrow black tunic, reaching only to knees. The JUDSONS view him with abhorrence and terror.*

OFFICER. Where is the Teacher?

JUDSON (*stepping forward*). I am the Teacher.

OFFICER. You are called by the king.

<sup>8</sup> "The keepers of the prison were all branded criminals; some wearing the name of their crime burned into the flesh of their foreheads or breasts; others with a dark ring upon the cheek, or about the eye; and others still with mutilated noses, blind of an eye, or with their ears quite cut away. They are called 'Children of the Prison,' and form a distinct class, quite out of the way of reputable people, intermarrying only among themselves, and so perpetuating vice, while they are shut, both by their sentence and the horror with which they are regarded by all classes, without the pale of virtue. The cruelty or other vicious inclination which led to the perpetration of the first crime is now deepened and rendered indelible by constant familiarity with every species of human torture, until these creatures seem really to be actuated by some demoniac spirit. The head jailer, called by the prisoners the 'Tiger Cat,' and branded in the breast *loo-that*, or murderer, was one of the most hideous and disgusting of his fraternity. He affected great jocularity, and was facetious, even in the commission of his worst cruelties, bringing down his hammer with a jest when fastening manacles, putting his hated arms affectionately around the prisoners, and calling them his beloved children, to get a better opportunity to prick or pinch them, and withal studying torture as the most comical of arts."—*Doctor Judson*.



JAILER *seizes* JUDSON, *throws him on the floor, and proceeds to bind his arms behind him with a fine strong cord.* MRS. JUDSON *seizes his arm.* Enter MOUNG ING, the Bengalee servant, and others.

MRS. JUDSON. Stay! I will give you money.

OFFICER (*contemptuously*). Take her too. She also is a foreigner.

JUDSON. I beg you, spare my wife. Her health is delicate. She has done no harm, trust me.

MRS. JUDSON *produces money and offers it, but the jailer dashes it from her hand to the floor, then with malicious laughter tightens the cord with which he has bound JUDSON and drags him away. Women and little children who have entered look on, wailing and crying.* MOUNG ING, at a *whispered word* from MRS. JUDSON, *follows JUDSON.* *All go out save MRS. JUDSON and the Burmese woman with sick baby in her arms, who crouches weeping at her feet.* MRS. JUDSON *appears not to observe her presence. She stands with closed eyes, praying silently, hands clasped upon her breast.* Enter MOUNG ING. He *stands respectfully at a distance, his face bearing signs of great distress.*

MRS. JUDSON (*rousing and perceiving MOUNG ING*). Oh, you have returned! Tell me! Tell me! What happened?





MOUNG ING (*with hesitation*). I followed the Teacher every step, until I could follow no more.

MRS. JUDSON. Was he treated less ungently, MOUNG ING, after they departed?

MOUNG ING. Alas, mama, the wretches threw him on the ground yet again, when they reached the street, and drew the cords so tight that he scarce could breathe.

MRS. JUDSON. Tell me, faithful friend, everything. I can bear it.

MOUNG ING. I followed to the court-house, and heard an officer read before the governor of the city an order of the king condemning the Teacher to the Death Prison.

MRS. JUDSON. But surely they would not, they could not commit him to that prison, the Death Prison, without trial.

MOUNG ING. Mama, I saw him dragged into the Death Prison, loaded with three pairs of iron fetters, other white prisoners with him. They were led into *Let-ma-yoon* and the door was shut. (MOUNG ING'S *voice trembles and chokes.*)

MRS. JUDSON. "*Let-ma-yoon*"? What meaning has this name, MOUNG ING? Why do you turn so ashy pale? Why do you tremble so? Oh, speak!



MOUNG ING (*low and reluctantly*). The words of that name mean "Hand shrink not." O mama, do not faint! Do not die!

MRS. JUDSON. "Hand shrink not." (*Slowly, pressing her fingers to her forehead as if dazed and uncomprehending*). "Hand shrink not"? (*Questioningly, alarmed*.) *Let-ma-yoon*—"Hand shrink not." (*Calmly, but with the note of despair*.) I comprehend at last, MOUNG ING. This is what heathenism means when you cut deep enough—the essence of cruelty. In this chamber then proceed tortures from which the hand of a hardened ruffian even might shrink. (*A pause*.) No, MOUNG ING. This is not the time to faint or to die. Neither shall my hand shrink, nor my heart. Leave me alone, that I may consider what it is that I have to do, for something yet remains to be done.

*The woman with her sick baby still crouches on the floor. MRS. JUDSON walks once up and down the veranda in deep thought. Suddenly she rouses, perceives the woman, bends, and takes the child in her arms.*

MRS. JUDSON. Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow. (*The child is strained to her heart*.) My first-born sleeps in Bengal waters; my little Roger, my very heart's desire, lies buried in Rangoon, out of reach, beyond kiss, his



little grave no longer my safe, sacred refuge. Shall the child now promised me be born fatherless in this dreadful land? If fatherless, then the innocent darling will be motherless also, for there are sorrows too heavy for mortal flesh to bear.

God the Son give me a part  
In the hiding-place of Jesus' heart;  
God the Spirit so hold me up  
That I may drink of Jesus' cup.  
Death is short, and life is long:  
Satan is strong, but Christ more strong.

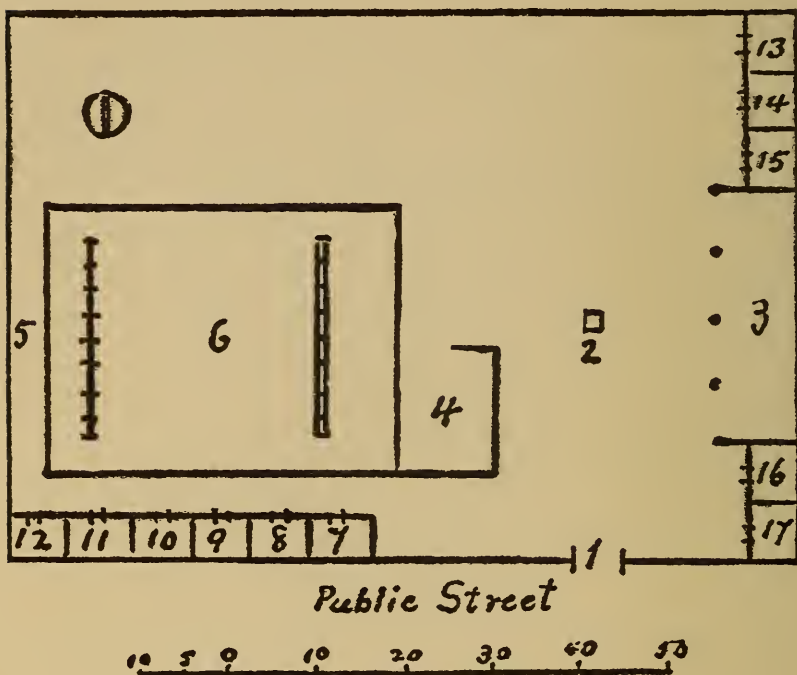
*Curtain.*

## SCENE VII

*Time. February, 1825.*

*Place. Interior of Ava Death Prison.*

*Prison-yard surrounded by open pens, numbered. Prison-house—Let-ma-yoon at left. Groups of fettered prisoners lying or crouching on the ground, or hobbling about the yard followed by jailer. At right of rear center a man with feet in stocks. JUDSON, in rags and three pairs of fetters, lies before shed sixteen on ground, his head supported by a hard, cylindrical pillow, sewed up in a dingy, ragged*



- Scale of Feet
- 1 Entrance gate.
  - 2 Stone on which fetters were struck on.
  - 3 Magistrate's shed.
  - 4 The gaoler's guard-room.
  - 5 A lane round the prison.
  - 6 The inner prison.
  - 7 to 17 The cells.

## PLAN OF THE DEATH PRISON AT AVA

From Narrative of Henry Gouger  
London, John Murray, 1860



*mat. Near him, DOCTOR PRICE, "a tall, gaunt, raw-boned, light-haired Yankee," and MR. GOUGER, an English merchant, similarly shackled. From Let-ma-yoon at left come shrieks and groans of agony, and an occasional derisive laugh. A BURMESE HIGH COMMISSIONER in light costume with rich, colored embroideries passes slowly through on visit of inspection and goes out at rear.*

GOUGER (*aside, in a low voice*). Judson, never yet have I seen you and that wretched pillow parted. It can hardly add to your comfort, I should think.

JUDSON (*glancing anxiously around*). I have been trying for a moment when I could tell you, unobserved, what is in that pillow. I want to entrust it to your care if you outlive me, Gouger.

GOUGER. Ah! It contains jewels—money?

JUDSON. Nay, man; something far more precious—the work of ten long years of hard study—all indeed, save a handful of converts, which I have to offer for twelve years in a heathen land.

GOUGER. Speak quickly. The warden has his eye this way, and it is almost three.

JUDSON. It is the manuscript New Testament in Burmese, the only complete, emended copy in existence. And this, Gouger, the protection of these worthless rags (*touching the pillow*) makes the safest casket which either Mrs. Judson or I can





provide for it. I left the manuscript with her until the house became unsafe——

*Enter SPOTTED JAILER, "Son of the Prison." He walks to stone (2) in center of yard and strikes three slow strokes on a large gong he holds in his hand. As he does this he looks from side to side with a malicious leer at different prisoners. A sinister silence falls.*

JAILER (*pointing to prison enclosure at left*). How quickly I can soothe the complaining of those in yonder! At this moment a pleasant thrill of expectation is passing through all their breasts. Do you not envy them? Ah, my lambs, let no such feeling arise. Ere long you too may be among the chosen, the fortunate. (*He points to one and another, JUDSON, and the white prisoners.*) You shall not always be passed over and neglected, my merry fellows. You are not forgotten. Oh, never, never! But restrain your impatience yet a day or two. (*This is spoken with ferocious cunning and malice. He walks over to man in stocks, chucks him under his chin, and puts an arm around him in mockery, then administers a painful wrench. Prisoner shrieks.*

JAILER *goes into prison-house at left. Perfect silence reigns. Enter JAILER, followed by a half-naked wretch with bleeding ankles and mutilated face. In silence he traverses the prison-yard, the*



*prisoner dragging himself after with moans, followed by under-jailer with uplifted club. They go out.*

JUDSON (*staggering to his feet, lifts clasped hands in prayer*). Have mercy on the soul of yonder miserable wretch thus called before Thee, and upon us, in this prison-house, alike miserable, who know not the day nor the hour when we too shall be summoned.

WHITE PRISONERS. Have mercy!

*A timid knocking is heard on door at rear. An under-keeper opens and falls back as one who sees a vision. Enter MRS. JUDSON. She is pale, wan, wasted, ethereal, like a spirit rather than a flesh-and-blood woman. She is dressed in white Burmese costume, head veiled. A little child closely wrapped in soft white draperies is clasped to her breast. Behind her stands the Bengalee servant, carrying a pannier of food. MRS. JUDSON advances slowly to center, followed by servant. JUDSON starts back in amazement, joy and anguish expressed on his face. MRS. JUDSON stretches out her left hand toward him. He limps painfully to her, with fifty-pound fetters on his feet. He is in rags, his hair long and matted, his face tragically worn, haggard, and deadly pale. When he reaches his wife he falls on his knees, lifts the hem of her robe, and presses it passionately and reverently to his lips. She makes*





*him rise; then, placing the infant in his arms, breaks into tears as she scans his dreadful aspect.*

JUDSON. My Nancy! My heroic girl! But you should not have come. It is two miles hither. You are still far from recovered.

MRS. JUDSON (*dashing tears from her eyes and smiling*). You are quite, quite wrong, dearest; I am really very strong. Look at our baby. Is she not sweet? She will be three weeks old to-morrow.

JUDSON. Precious breath of heaven wafted through this inferno! But you, my own, are sadly pale. (*Gives back the child.*)

MRS. JUDSON. But I am not at all tired, and I have carried Baby all the way. Are you not proud of your wife?

JUDSON (*choking down a sob*). Very proud, Nancy, my little Nancy.

MRS. JUDSON. Has it seemed too, too hard, my not coming all these long weeks?

JUDSON. Not too hard now that I know that you live.

*Slowly, as if thinking the lines while speaking, looking steadfastly at the child in her arms, he repeats:*

Sleep, darling infant, sleep,  
Hushed on thy mother's breast;  
Let no rude sound of clanking chains  
Disturb thy balmy rest.



Wouldst view this drear abode,  
Where fettered felons lie,  
And wonder that thy father here  
Should as a felon sigh?

Sleep, darling infant, sleep!  
Blest that thou canst not know  
The pangs that rend thy parents' hearts,  
The keenness of their woe.

MRS. JUDSON *listens with strong emotion—then, with a smile of unutterable love to her husband, turns and speaks to the other white prisoners.*

MRS. JUDSON. Have you had food enough since I have been unable to come with it?

PRICE. We have not fared as we used to, Mrs. Judson, when you could come yourself, but we are all right.

GOUGER. We have almost always had a bit of rice once a day.

MRS. JUDSON (*turning to servant*). You shall have more now. (*He opens basket and hands food to prisoners, who devour it with famished eagerness. MRS. JUDSON turns back to her husband.*)

JUDSON. My love, we shall scarcely have five minutes longer together. A word as to the manuscript.

MRS. JUDSON. Tell me, it is still safe, sewed into your pillow?



JUDSON. Thus far, but no one can tell for how long. 'At any moment my few belongings may be snatched from me. During your absence all tokens point to fresh and added oppression awaiting us. Nothing but your fearless, persistent mediation, my Nancy, has obtained for us white men the freedom of this yard. Scores of poor wretches still languish in the unspeakable filth and poisonous stench of yonder prison-house, where they sleep, suspended by their fettered feet from a pole—have no water, and food but rarely. No one knows how soon our lot will be to be returned thither. I like not the malicious, taunting leer which the Spotted Jailer casts upon us of late.

MRS. JUDSON. Oh, I will go to the chief commissioner! He cannot refuse me! Never can you survive the horrors of that den of torture.

JUDSON. I think there would be little use in going to the commissioner, Nancy. Our fate depends really upon the fortunes of the war. The first important reverse which the Burmese army makes is bound to be followed by fresh cruelties visited upon us by the diabolical invention of our jailer.

MRS. JUDSON. Whatever befalls, I shall be near you, near you, heart of my heart, to the very end.

JUDSON. I say this not to arouse fresh agony, but that you may not be taken wholly unawares, my wife, if swift changes for the worse overtake us.



MRS. JUDSON. You cannot fear worse than *Let-ma-yoon*, the inner prison—and—— (*Falters.*)

JUDSON. And the torture? Yes—a degree yet more dreaded is removal from thy near presence, my wife.

MRS. JUDSON. Where? How do you mean?

*Enter* SPOTTED JAILER.

JUDSON. I can say nothing. I only know a rumor creeps about among us that we white prisoners are shortly to be removed to some remote spot, where the ministries and mediations of our friends cannot follow.

MRS. JUDSON (*with fire*). They shall remove you nowhither where my feet shall not follow, where my ministry and my mediation, my heart, my life, my all shall not be yours——

SPOTTED JAILER (*approaching, with smile*). Madam excites herself. Our beloved guest must not be fatigued by too long converse. He is looking ill—do you not think so? It is time to go.

MRS. JUDSON *recoils at the JAILER's approach and trembles, but does not turn to go. The Bengalee servant moves to her side. JUDSON turns a pleading look at JAILER.*

SPOTTED JAILER (*harshly*). Depart. Enough of this. You but make worse the prisoner's plight. If you do not go, we will have you dragged out,



## Jesus Christ's Men



madam. (*Laughs.*) This you would perhaps not find agreeable.

MRS. JUDSON, *with bearing as of faintness and of terror, her baby clasped to her breast, moves slowly toward door in rear.*

JUDSON (*his hand lifted*). Send thy light and thy love, O my God, into the gloom of this benighted country.

SPOTTED JAILER *regards him silently, with sneering menace.*

*Curtain.*

### CHORUS

She who, at Ava and at Oung-pen-la,  
Won brutal men to softness by her grace,  
Illumined prison glooms with her sweet face,  
And on despair shone like a morning star;  
Herself, her story, and her sufferings won  
Homage from men, as if she came from  
heaven,  
In whose stout hearts she left a little leaven,  
Whose sacred workings may outlive the sun.

—W. C. Richards.





SCENE VIII

*Time. February 24, 1826.*

*Place. Headquarters of Commander-in-chief Campbell in British camp at Yandabo on Irawadi River. River-bank at rear. Right front—tent of commander-in-chief, with British flag floating. Left front—a larger tent, gorgeously hung with crimson and gold, above which float the American flag of 1826 and the British flag together. An ORDERLY at work placing armchairs, etc., in veranda before this tent.*

*Enter SECOND ORDERLY.*

SECOND ORDERLY. Great preparations here! Is the King of England coming to this lovely land?

FIRST ORDERLY. You know who is coming, don't you?

SECOND ORDERLY. Not I.

FIRST ORDERLY (*brushing a costly rug on his arm with care*). Haven't you heard of this great teacher by the name of Judson, who came to Burma from America and brought his wife a dozen years ago?

SECOND ORDERLY. No, I never heard of such a man. Why should I?





FIRST ORDERLY. There is no end of talk about the two of them—what he has suffered and what courage his wife has shown—the only white woman in Ava she was, look you. You see he has been imprisoned by these Burman devils for a long time—two years or so—in one of their vilest holes. A half dozen Englishmen were kept there with him, you know, and they would all have died but for this Mr. Judson's wife.

SECOND ORDERLY. Better die at once, to my thinking, than be given into the claws of those brutes.

FIRST ORDERLY. Well, Mr. Judson contrived not to die, thanks to his lady. And he knows the Burmese language as well as he does the English, writes books in Burmese, anything you please. The natives were shrewd enough to see that he had more brains in his little finger than they had in their whole royal family. So after Bandoola, their great warrior chief, was beaten and killed and the war as good as over, they dragged Mr. Judson out of his prison to act as their diplomatic interpreter and go-between with General Campbell.

SECOND ORDERLY. 'A good job that!

FIRST ORDERLY. You can believe Sir Archibald was pretty sore to find men of our own blood given over to torture by those fiends in their filthy dungeons. So now he has Mr. Judson as his guest



of honor, and there is nothing too much to do for him.

SECOND ORDERLY. And the lady—is she coming too?

FIRST ORDERLY. Yes. She has been staying on the “Diana,” but the general has ordered this tent here next his own for the two of them, and you’re right—if it was their majesties, he couldn’t do more. They will be coming now any moment. Why, man, Sir Archibald, an hour since, sent the staff officers and Sir John himself—his own son—with them, to escort the lady from the steamer.

*Enter* LIEUTENANT. ORDERLIES *salute and stand at attention. Military music in the distance, drawing nearer.*

LIEUTENANT. Is everything in order for the arrival of Mrs. Judson.

FIRST ORDERLY. Yes, sir. To the best of my ability. There are no flowers, sir.

LIEUTENANT. Flowers are coming.

*Enter Bengalee boy with armful of flowers.*  
SECOND ORDERLY *takes them from him and carries them into tent. Boy goes out.*

LIEUTENANT. Now, give strict attention. The Treaty of Peace between us and Burma is to be signed, it is expected, to-day, unless some obstacle interferes. The Burmese Commissioners, with their suites, have arrived to confer on the terms of



peace with the commander. They will pass here about noon. But at any moment Mrs. Judson, wife of Sir Archibald's guest of honor, is expected to land. The boats are now in sight. You will wait upon the gentleman and lady here in their tent. See that every wish is met. Spare no pains.

FIRST ORDERLY (*saluting*). I will do my best, sir.

LIEUTENANT. Very well. Dinner will be served in the large tepee on the river-bank, and you will inform Mrs. Judson that the general himself will wait upon her and conduct her to the table.

ORDERLY. Quite so, sir.

LIEUTENANT *goes out. Enter from rear* MR. and MRS. JUDSON. *She is "slight, emaciated, graceful, almost ethereal. Her face very pale, expression of deep and serious thought; her brown hair braided over a placid and holy brow; her small, lily hands quite beautiful and very wan; they told of death in all its transparent grace, when the sick blood shines through the clear skin, even as the bright poison lights up the Venetian glass which it is about to shatter."*<sup>9</sup> MRS. JUDSON *is dressed in rich Burmese costume, a white, transparent veil floating from her head. She leans on her husband's arm, and looks up with ardent joy into his face.*

JUDSON. Free—all free! Do you believe it? You, our darling child, I! Is this heaven, Nancy?

<sup>9</sup> Description of Mrs. Judson by an English officer, 1826.



MRS. JUDSON. Yes, I think so, now that I see you again. When you are out of my sight I find it impossible to believe it true. 'And always (*shudders*) I seem to hear the step of that jailer——

JUDSON. Hush, dear love! Forget, forget! Put that thought of horror from your mind. We are free; we are safe; we are together. What shall we render to the Lord for all his benefits toward us?

MRS. JUDSON. Oh, see this beautiful tent! Why, the whole place seems like a fairy scene. 'And look! What can it mean? There is our own dear flag. (*Pointing to banners on tent at left.*)

ORDERLY. By your leave, madam, this tent is your own while you do the British Army the honor to remain in our camp. The other is the commander's.

MRS. JUDSON'S *lips tremble, and she tries in vain to speak. Wipes tears from her eyes.*

JUDSON. This is most notable kindness on the part of Sir Archibald. I shall soon attempt to thank him in person, for I must hasten this moment to his presence. Enter then, my wife, and know at last the sensation of a Christian environment, safe, sure, sacred—such as befits you.

*He kisses her hand. Goes out at right.* MRS. JUDSON *follows* ORDERLY *to door of tent at left.*

*Curtain.*



### SCENE IX

*Time. Two hours later.*

*Place. The same.*

*Military music. Gay fanfare or "Hail, the Conquering Hero Comes." Enter from rear GENERAL SIR ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, walking alone in dress uniform of British Army. Behind him, two by two, an embassy of Burmese COMMISSIONERS and their attendants, in white native dress, six in all. The CHIEF COMMISSIONER, distinguished by splendor of jewels, wears a pointed gray beard. Behind them several British staff officers, with them JUDSON. The procession advances to front of scene. Music ceases. All stand still and gaze with wonder and expectation around them. GENERAL CAMPBELL goes to door of tent at left; the curtain is lifted. MRS. JUDSON appears. The GENERAL takes her on his arm and advances toward the COMMISSIONERS. On seeing MRS. JUDSON, the CHIEF COMMISSIONER, the man with the beard, turns deadly pale, and begins to cower and tremble violently. The others show consternation and fear in their faces.*

*GENERAL (pausing at a slight remove from the company, and looking searchingly along the line). Mrs. Judson, how is this? I judge that these gentlemen must be old acquaintances of yours?*





MRS. JUDSON. You appear puzzled, Sir Archibald. Yes, I recognize several faces.

GENERAL (*laughing*). Judging from their appearance, madam, you must have treated them very ill. Really, you had not struck me as capable of such cruelty as to inspire terror like this.

MRS. JUDSON. At least I am glad that my appearance does not intimidate.

GENERAL. But really, now, what is the matter with yonder owner of the pointed beard? He seems to be seized with an ague fit.

MRS. JUDSON (*fixing her eyes steadily on the CHIEF COMMISSIONER, which causes him to tremble yet more*). I do not know, unless his memory may be too busy. He *is* an old acquaintance of mine.

GENERAL. 'Ah! I can see. I fancy he infers danger to himself and to his Peace Treaty from seeing so dangerous an acquaintance under my protection.

MRS. JUDSON. To tell the truth, he may fancy some cause for fear. I know the Burmese well, Sir Archibald, and if I were a Burmese Buddhist woman, instead of an 'American Christian, I should undoubtedly at this moment be asking you for the small favor of yonder gentleman's head on a charger. But I assure you I should have no use in the world for such a gift.





GENERAL. Pray tell me of your relations to him, dear madam. I assure you that I will put your confidence to no official use.

MRS. JUDSON. That being assured, for I really bear the man no slightest malice, I will describe what happened during my husband's imprisonment. It was during the terribly hot weather, and Mr. Judson was taken ill with fever. Our little daughter was about two months old, I think. You see, he and Doctor Price, Mr. Gouger, and others had been suddenly thrown into the loathsome prison-house, and their fetters increased from three pairs to five. The air in *Let-ma-yoon* was stifling, loaded with foulness of every kind; there seemed no chance for my husband's recovery unless he could be allowed to lie in the prison-yard.

GENERAL. On my soul, madam, I should think not! I hope that man understands English, and can hear a word or two from this distance.

MRS. JUDSON. No, they do not understand English, but the man's conscience gives him an intuition of what I may be saying. See the perspiration ooze from his skin.

GENERAL. Poor devil!

MRS. JUDSON. Well, Sir Archibald, I had lain awake all night trying to devise some means to save Mr. Judson's life. Early in the morning, to escape the worst of the tropical heat, I started from our



poor, dismantled home to the house of our Chief Commissioner yonder to beg for the favor I speak of.

GENERAL. That Mr. Judson should be transferred, during his illness, to the prison-yard?

MRS. JUDSON. Yes. I reached the house at an early hour, but was not allowed to come into the man's presence until noon, when the sun was smiting the city with fierce and fiery heat. On hearing my pitiful request, the man repulsed me with a rough refusal, giving no hope of the slightest amelioration of conditions. I was turning away sorrowfully, stricken to the very heart with hopeless disappointment, when his lordship seized a silk umbrella I carried in my hand, declaring that he was very glad to keep that as he could use it, and that all our belongings were by right confiscated to the government.

GENERAL. Great heaven! Is this heathenism?

MRS. JUDSON. Heathenism's very essence, Sir Archibald—pitiless cruelty, malicious extortion. I begged, I begged hard that he would give back the umbrella, for it was my only protection on my long return walk, but in vain. I told him I had no money, and begged that he would at least lend me a paper umbrella, as there was great danger of sunstroke at high noon. At this he laughed coarsely, and told me that the sun could not find one as thin as I, only stout people were in danger of sunstroke.



GENERAL. Will you permit me to wring his neck, madam? My fingers simply twitch with longing to perform the act. See the coward cower and cringe!

MRS. JUDSON. No. I have your promise that he shall not suffer at my hands. The story is told. He simply turned me out at the door on the blazing street, and I did not die, you see, after all.

GENERAL. No credit to him that you did not. The scoundrel! Look! I believe he will fall in a fit in his terror. Let him sweat for it, I say! The tortures of the Death Prison ought to be reserved for such as he.

MRS. JUDSON. May I speak to him in Burmese, General Campbell?

GENERAL (*reluctantly*). He ill deserves pity at your hand, but I see plainly that your rôle, now and ever, is that of a ministering spirit. (*Makes a gesture, allowing her to approach the COMMISSIONER.*)

MRS. JUDSON *approaches and says a few words softly in Burmese to the COMMISSIONER, who is on the edge of fainting with terror. His countenance at once brightens, he salaams to the ground before her, and seeks to kiss the hem of her drapery. GENERAL CAMPBELL draws her away, and takes her hand within his arm.*



GENERAL. It is not fit that so vile a wretch should touch even the hem of your garment. (*He leads on, the music is heard again, procession moves.*)

*Curtain.*

## SCENE X

*Time. October 20, 1826.*

*Place. Amherst.*

*As the curtain is about to rise, the CHORUS chants softly:*

“But 'tis great renown for a woman who must perish that she should have shared the doom of the godlike in her life and afterward in her death.”

*—The Antigone.*

*Veranda of small bamboo dwelling. (This could be same as in VII.)* MRS. JUDSON *partially reclines, near front center, in a chaise longue, very pale save for a vivid flush of fever on her cheeks. Her eyes are very bright, her hair curls carelessly around her forehead and falls in long braids upon her shoulders. She wears a thin white negligée, and a piece of light oriental drapery is thrown over her limbs. A tabouret by her side holds cooling drinks and medicine. An army SURGEON in British uniform is bending near, speaking soothingly to her.*



## Jesus Christ's Men



MRS. JUDSON *appears not to notice his presence. An army NURSE stands at one side. The doctor turns away, and they confer, withdrawing to left.*

NURSE. What shall I do when she calls for her baby? She wants the poor little thing with her all the time. I am afraid it is bad for her.

SURGEON (*gravely*). No. It will do no harm. We must consider that her very life having been offered up to save the life of her child, she *must* have the reward of seeing it in its restored condition. It is the sole joy left her now.

NURSE. You speak as if her life——

SURGEON. It will be a matter of a few days yet. Her mind will probably wander more than before.

NURSE. It is hard, so hard, to see such an angel suffer.

SURGEON. Yes. But she will not suffer long. All her vital force has been expended in the service of others. She will become unconscious and cease to suffer before the end. Ah, if it were but possible to get Judson back to Ava!

NURSE. I believe if he were to come, she would recover yet. Her whole soul seems to hang on her longing for his presence.

SURGEON. Yes. It is piteous. (*Goes out.*)

MRS. JUDSON (*who has lain with her head reclining on her arm and with closed eyes, opens them and exclaims*). I want my baby. Where is she?





NURSE *goes out, and returns bringing the child in a light, straw cradle, which she places on the floor beside the couch. MRS. JUDSON looks down, bracing her head with one thin, trembling hand.*

MRS. JUDSON. How sweet she is! How well she sleeps, my white little child! She is surely better now. I must write him to-day, so that he will not be grieving. I must tell him how she starts up when I say, "Papa," and points to the sea. Oh, the sea between us, now, when I have these pains! Where is the manuscript? Did MOUNG ING search for it?

NURSE. The manuscript is perfectly safe now. It is in the Teacher's desk. MOUNG ING found it, you remember, in the prison-yard and brought it here. Have no fear.

MRS. JUDSON (*looks steadily at her, smiles faintly*). Have no fear! I have fear always of that jailer with the branded face. (*Shudders and covers her face.*)

NURSE. You will never see him again. There is nothing you need fear now, nothing, dear lady.

MRS. JUDSON (*moans*). But the Teacher is long, long in coming, and the new missionaries are long in coming. I am alone. I must die alone. It is the will of God. Tell the Teacher that I could not write. The disease, you see, is most violent.





I fear that I cannot bear the pains. O my God, suffer me not for any pains of death to fall away from thee. Oh, for greater willingness to suffer! Joy cometh, joy cometh in the morning. Do you believe that is true? I will go up to the Golden Feet and lift up my eyes to the Golden Face, and ask for the fetters, for the five fetters to be taken off. They cut deep! See the poor, bruised ankle!

NURSE. Mr. Judson has no fetters now on his feet, you remember.

MRS. JUDSON (*starting and staring*). Oh, no. I was confused. I am ashamed of my despondency. You see (*with a confidential tone*), I thought because my troubles had lasted so long, that they would *never* end. I thought the night would have no dawn. That is wrong. There will be light when the Teacher comes. But months pass and never a letter. Let me see—it was two years and a half when we first came, before any letters from home reached us. I ought not to mind. . . Hush, precious baby, papa is praying. You must not call him now. See—she smiles when she hears his name. . . Tell him I suffer; tell him that all that is left now of his Nancy is only his and God's. I think there is nothing now of what used to be Ann Hasseltine. You see, I have rambled, rambled, and rambled, and you lose yourself so by and by. . . Mother said I was always rambling; she wanted



me to come home straight from school, but Harriet and I liked to go down to the river. For there are violets growing on the bank; . . you can see how the grass is quite blue with them. How fast the river flows, and how the little waves dance in the sun! Harriet said my feet danced like waves and never tired. That was when I had never seen fetters, you know. . . The river is black now, and roaring. It rises. It sweeps my sweet Harriet away in its flood. Come back! Come back! . . She does not hear me. . . I saw her face plainly, Nurse.

NURSE. You saw it?

MRS. JUDSON. Yes, she looked as she did that day in the church in Salem, with her big eyes so dark and solemn. . . That night on the "Caravan" we four sang every hymn we loved——

Jesus, at thy command  
I launch into the deep;  
And leave my native land  
Where sin lulls all asleep.

That was my favorite. (*Repeats.*)

Jesus, at thy command  
I launch into the deep.

NURSE (*offering medicine in a glass*). Will you not drink this now, and try to sleep a little while? It is night, you know, and time to sleep.



MRS. JUDSON (*looking steadfastly at her*). But, you know, it is in my heart to live and die with the Burmans. How hard, how hard it seems to get passage to Burma! Yes, it is growing dark, but I will embark in the little boat and try to overtake the ship. We have to row against the tide. It is so difficult, and the ship is far off.

NURSE. Yes, you are too tired. You must sleep now.

MRS. JUDSON (*taking the glass in one hand, pointing with the other*). But there are the lights of the ship. I can hear the waves now. You will be good to my baby?

NURSE. Do you suffer more? Is the pain harder to bear?

MRS. JUDSON. No. I feel quite well now, only very weak. Tell the Teacher that I could not write.

*Curtain.*

SOLO (*softly*)

The sands of time are sinking,  
The dawn of heaven breaks,  
The summer morn I've sighed for,  
The fair, sweet morn awakes.  
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,  
But dayspring is at hand;  
And glory, glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.



## Jesus Christ's Men



Oh! well it is forever—  
Oh! well for evermore:  
My nest hung in no forest  
Of all this death-doomed shore;  
Yea, let this vain world vanish,  
'As from the ship the strand,  
While glory, glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

I've wrestled on toward heaven,  
'Gainst storm, and wind, and tide;  
Now, like a weary traveler  
That leaneth on his guide,  
Amid the shades of evening,  
While sinks life's lingering sand,  
I hail the glory dawning  
From Immanuel's land.



SCENE XI

*Time. A few months later.*

*Place. As in previous scene.*

*A group of native Christians stands in veranda, watching. Enter JUDSON. He wears a long black cloak, his face is seamed and furrowed with grief. MOUNG ING and the Bengalee servant advance to meet him with downcast eyes. He stretches out a hand to each in silence. All on veranda weep and steal quietly out.*

JUDSON (to MOUNG ING). *She does not come to meet me. I cannot cross the threshold. Tell me, where have you laid her?*

MOUNG ING. *Teacher, come and see.*

*Goes out, slowly followed by JUDSON, with bowed head, Bengalee servant following at a distance, sobbing and beating his breast.*

VOICE (from within).

What are these that glow from afar  
These that lean over the golden bar,  
Strong as the lion, pure as the dove,  
With open arms and hearts of love?



## Jesus Christ's Men



They, the blessed ones gone before,  
They, the blessed for evermore.  
Out of great tribulation they went  
Home to their home of heaven—content.

### SOPRANO SOLO

“These are they that came up out of great tribulation.” (*From Gaul's “Holy City.”*)

*Enter from right SPIRIT OF LOVE, clothed as in first appearance. Enter from left SPIRIT OF EVIL, clothed as in first appearance. He has an air of triumph and exultation, and steps proudly toward center. Seeing SPIRIT OF LOVE, he steps back.*

SPIRIT OF EVIL. ‘And so *you* are here! I should have supposed that of all places this would be the one in which you would least desire to appear.

SPIRIT OF LOVE. You are mistaken. I dwell among these scenes perpetually.

SPIRIT OF EVIL. Your presence seems singularly unavailing, then. These two messengers of yours have been delivered over, soul and body, into my hand, and my hand, I am willing to admit, has not been light upon them. The weaker lies buried yonder, and that broken-hearted wretch, her husband, returns from his embassy—his fool's errand, rather—his wild dream that he could persuade the king of this country to permit freedom of worship within its borders—and finds an empty





house, one poor grave, and a miserable, wailing infant ready to fill another.

SPIRIT OF LOVE. This is all true, and yet, no life of these is spent in vain.

SPIRIT OF EVIL. Not in vain? What has this poor, self-devoted toiler, left by his fellows to struggle alone, to show for fourteen years of toil? For two years and a half he has held no Christian service for the people of this land; his first group of converts at Rangoon is scattered far and wide; the mission-house he founded there is a heap of ruins; his daring attempt to carry his mission to the capital—to the king's very court at Ava—was a pitiful failure, resulting only in his own imprisonment and the death of his wife. No mortal woman could long survive the terrors of her lot during those two years of his prison life in Ava and in Oung-pen-la. She broke at last. I confess, for your satisfaction, that this man, this woman, were cast in heroic mold and endured beyond the measure of their kind, but their day is over—their feeble, childish beating of hands against the impregnable wall of oriental religions—is a dream of the night, over and passed.

SPIRIT OF LOVE. Not so. Your vision is dim and short.

SPIRIT OF EVIL. Never was a rout more complete, a victory more sweeping than has been won



in crushing this petty attempt, which was inaugurated on the other side of the seas in the year 1813. An embassy of five young men was set apart by the wise men of the West one day to sail out in debonair fashion and demolish what I believe is generally termed in provincial fashion, "The Stronghold of Heathenism." Where are they now? Two of the men of that band are dead; other two found it expedient, being wiser than their fellows, to return to their native land! The man who has just left this scene is weeping over his broken hopes on yonder grave, a grave soon to be forgotten and deserted.

SPIRIT OF LOVE. Could you see farther, you would be less arrogant. But you are given over to a strong delusion that you may proclaim a lie. The grave, which you assert will ere long be neglected and forgotten, is destined through coming generations to be visited as a sacred shrine, that of one of the noblest of God's saints. To the man, who mourns there in exquisite grief at this moment, is given a long life of glorious, of immortal achievement for Burma's millions.

SPIRIT OF EVIL. You are bound, however, to confess that at this moment the failure of the missionary enterprise is complete.

SPIRIT OF LOVE. I confess that what I foresaw at the outset has been fulfilled: Suffering, sickness,



sorrow, bonds and imprisonment, death, agony, heartbreak. This for to-day. To-morrow, I see the fruits of the long patience of the saints; I see the Bible given to a godless people; I see cruelty and oppression yielding to law and liberty; I see hatred making way for love; I see the Name, which is above every name, exalted in this land, and hearts bowing before it. Never was false word fals<sup>er</sup>, than the word *failure* here. From the life of that fearless woman, who died for Burma, new forces have sprung up already among this people, to whom her life and death have revealed her Lord. From the labors of him who now agonizes alone yonder is destined to arise a mighty multitude of men and women in this land and in other lands, who shall follow his Master. Our purpose cannot be defeated by suffering, disappointment, or death. Our hope is invisible, immortal.

*Abashed, SPIRIT OF EVIL goes out.*

The vine from every living limb bleeds wine—  
Is it the poorer for that spirit shed?

Measure thy life by loss instead of gain;  
Not by the wine drunk, but the wine poured  
forth;

For love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice  
And whoso suffers most hath most to give.

*Curtain.*



## Jesus Christ's Men



CHORUS *and audience rise and sing, to "Russian Hymn."*

Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!

Exalt thy towering head, and lift thine eyes;  
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,  
And break upon thee in a flood of day.

See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;

See future sons and daughters yet unborn  
In crowding ranks on every side arise,  
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,

Walk in the light, and in thy temple bend;  
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate  
kings,

While every land its joyful tribute brings.

The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,

Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;  
But fixed his word, his saving power remains;  
Thy realms shall last, thy own Messiah reigns!

—*Alexander Pope.*

*Interlude.*



IV

THE APOSTLES TO THE WEST

1814-1826

IN SIX SCENES



*“Not only do I conceive it proper that a mission should be established in the West, but indispensably necessary.”*

*—Luther Rice, 1815.*



IV

SCENE I

*Time. May, 1814.*

*Place. Before Tabernacle Congregational Church, Salem, Massachusetts.*

DOCTOR WORCESTER, *pastor of church, is seen emerging from church door. Enter from left DOCTOR BOLLES, pastor of First Baptist Church.*

BOLLES. Good evening, Doctor Worcester.

WORCESTER. Ah, neighbor Bolles! Good evening. Have you been out of town? I have not seen you for a week, I am sure.

BOLLES. Yes, I have been having my small part in making church history, as you had your great part a few years ago. I have been in Philadelphia, assisting at the birth of a national Baptist Foreign Missionary Society.

WORCESTER. Indeed! I congratulate you, but I recall that your denomination in Boston organized a society of this nature several years ago.

BOLLES. Yes; that, however, is a local affair. There are several such. But there now exists one "General Convention of the Baptist Denomination in the *United States of America* for Foreign



Missions." A clumsy title to my thinking, but it tells the story.

WORCESTER. And it is not clumsier than our own: The "American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions." How well I remember that June day four years ago, when Samuel Spring and I worked out that name and organization as we drove from Andover over to Bradford.

BOLLES. That was a great day, Doctor Worcester.

WORCESTER. A great day in promise and possibility; but, in actuality, it was and remains the day of small things. The American Board was a feeble plant, set in uncongenial soil. There was no general enthusiasm or even approval, but a species of lukewarm assent in the church at large. Nothing but the importunity of the young men waiting to be sent forth called out the organization. I remember one of our older men saying: "We had better send them out, for this Judson will never let us rest!" It was the missionaries who created the Board, not the Board that called out the missionaries.

BOLLES. Perfectly true in our case as well as yours. We need not go into the story. It must always have a certain painful side, Doctor Worcester. To lose Judson and Rice full well we know was a serious loss, and a grievous disappoint-



ment to the church Fathers, they having strained every nerve to send them forth. This I realize, and always have.

WORCESTER. It is a gratification to hear you say this, Brother Bolles.

BOLLES. There is a sharp edge to a disappointment like this; but, after all, when we get away from the immediate effect and gain the larger vision, do you not feel, Doctor Worcester, that we can discern a purpose in this event? We Congregationalists and Baptists are, after all, one in aim, though divided in certain matters of method. Four years ago, yours was the only society in this land prepared to send out foreign missionaries. To-day, a second one has been established, enlisting new forces, hitherto unutilized. You have the Bombay Mission, with Gordon Hall and Samuel Newell doing noble work. We have the Burman Mission, with Adoniram Judson. Two centers in place of one!

WORCESTER. You speak of Judson only. He is still alone, then, on his field?

BOLLES. Mrs. Judson is hardly less effective a missionary than her husband. But otherwise he is alone, thus far.

WORCESTER. Luther Rice, then, has not yet started back to the East.



BOLLES. No. The man is absolutely indispensable as our accredited agent on this side, for the present. Doctor Worcester, Luther Rice is the gift of the Standing Order to us Baptists, and a gift of incomparable value. Men of his caliber and training are what we woefully lack. We Baptists have been handicapped through our whole history by proscriptive laws, as you may hardly understand; they remain to this day, albeit a dead letter in effect, on the statute-book of Massachusetts. We are still a scattered, feeble folk, by many even despised. We cannot compare with you in numbers, in culture, in organization, in prestige. We have produced no Judsons nor Rices.

WORCESTER. Judson certainly is a great scholar.

BOLLES. He is not only a scholar, he is a saint and a seer, to my way of thinking.

WORCESTER. But as for Rice—he is, to be sure, energetic, and possessed of a certain gift of oratory, but he lacks the refinement of Judson.

BOLLES. Perfectly true. Simon Peter lacked the refinement, the exquisite spiritual nature of John, but the Lord used them both. Luther Rice, like Simon Peter, is cast in a heroic mold. He is a young giant, rugged, vigorous—the typical pioneer. Sometimes a trace of the old berserker rage is suggested in his consuming zeal and headlong attack. But I tell you, without Rice we Baptists might



have groped on indefinitely without effecting a broad, comprehensive organization.

WORCESTER. Really? You surprise me. I had not supposed Rice's ability lay in this direction.

BOLLES. He has statesmanlike qualities. He it was who bade us advance beyond our separate, local societies, such as the one formed here in Boston a year ago, and fuse our whole force into one national body. He himself worked out the type of organization adopted this week in Philadelphia.

WORCESTER. Is it possible?

BOLLES. Oh, yes. To Rice belongs the honor of conceiving and carrying into execution the entire plan of this, the national Baptist Convention for Foreign Missions. And I tell you, Brother Worcester, he spares not himself in the cause. He has given up all idea of domestic life; you know perhaps of his engagement, in his Andover period, to a Miss Eaton?

WORCESTER. Yes. I believe she refused to go out to India, and he therefore broke the engagement.

BOLLES. Yes. He never alludes to that experience, but evidently it was final. He lives now for one thing only: To further the spread of Christ's kingdom. In order to prepare the way for the organization just now successfully effected, he has





himself ridden horseback through many of the central and southern States, personally rallying the scattered Baptist forces to come together and act as a unit. Thousands of miles, by night as well as by day, the man has ridden. His garments are worn and rusty; he is often shaken by chills and fever from travel through malarial regions; but neither the summer heat nor winter cold stays him in his course. He reminds one of Coleridge's lines:

I pass like night from land to land;  
I have strange power of speech;  
The moment that his face I see,  
I know the man that must hear me;  
To him my tale I teach.

WORCESTER. I find all this most interesting, but you will not judge me harshly if I can hardly refrain from the thought that what you have gained we have lost.

BOLLES. But if God has lost nothing, and the sum of missionary achievement has been doubled, we can still be thankful.

WORCESTER. I am with you there. Amen.

*Curtain.*



SCENE II

*Time. June, 1815.*

*Place. Interior of Baptist parsonage in Catskill Mountains. Simple, frugal appointments; order and neatness observable. Pastor's wife, SARAH PECK, lights two candles, which she places on a table in center, covered with white cloth and laid for one person, with crockery, etc., of the period. A little girl of three years (HANNAH) is playing quietly with blocks on floor. Window and door at rear. ELI, five years old, is looking from window.*

SARAH PECK (*going to window*). I wish papa would come now, Eli. His supper will be quite uneatable with keeping over so long.

ELI. I've looked as hard as I can look, but he never is coming.

SARAH PECK. There! Isn't that the sound of old Tim's hoofs?

ELI. I don't think, mother, 'cause it's too quick.

SARAH PECK (*sighing and sitting down in wooden armchair*). No, they have gone past. Well then, children, come and say your prayers and get ready for bed.

ELI. It isn't bedtime till my father comes, is it, mother?



## Jesus Christ's Men



*Both children come to her knee.*

SARAH PECK. You don't want it to be, do you, darling boy? We'll see.

ELI AND HANNAH (*join hands and repeat in concert or sing*).

Great God, and wilt thou condescend  
To be my Father and my Friend?  
I, a poor child, and thou, so high,  
The Lord of earth and air and sky?

Art thou my Father? Let me be  
A meek, obedient child to thee;  
And try in word and deed and thought,  
To serve and please thee as I ought.

SARAH PECK. That was very good. (*Kisses them.*) Not a single mistake.

ELI. What is my father doing so long away, mother?

SARAH PECK. He is at a meeting away off in Lattintown, Eli, and he expects to see a real missionary, who has come back from India, where the people are all heathen. You know what a missionary is, dear?

ELI. He is a man with beautiful feet on the mountain.

HANNAH. I know! I know! He tells the poor heathen about God.



## Jesus Christ's Men



ELI. What is a missionary like, mother? Is he very big? Does he cry all the time?

SARAH PECK (*laughing*). I don't know whether he is big or not. Why should he cry all the time?

ELI. Because the heathen are so wicked and eat up their little babies.

SARAH PECK. Oh, no, Eli; only a very few heathen do that. This missionary has been in India, where the people are not terrible like that.

ELI. Oh, yes; I 'member. They make the crocodiles eat them for them; don't they, mother?

*Enter JOHN PECK in riding dress, saddle-bags and whip in hand. Wife and children go and meet him joyfully. He lays aside hat, etc., and seats himself at table; wife brings food.*

SARAH PECK. I want to hear about the meeting. *Children go aside, and quietly play with blocks.*

JOHN PECK. A remarkable session, dear wife. We have sat at the feet of that great man, Luther Rice. Our souls have been kindled as with fire from above. He is a colossal figure.

SARAH PECK. How I wish I could see him and hear him speak!

JOHN PECK. You are soon to have that privilege.

SARAH PECK. How is that to be?

JOHN PECK (*rising impetuously from table, putting his hand on her shoulder, and speaking with*



*emotion*). This very night, my girl, our humble parsonage is to be exalted by the coming of this prince among Israel.

SARAH PECK. Why John, do you mean that Luther Rice is coming here, to our house, and to-night—for supper—for lodging? I must hurry to get things ready.

JOHN PECK. He could not come with me, not having a horse; but will be driving over with the Thomases. Yes. He may be here at any moment, although they started later, taking supper before leaving.

SARAH PECK (*hastily clearing table*). And here are the children still! They ought to have been put to bed long ago, John.

ELI. No, father; we *had* to see you first.

JOHN PECK (*taking them both in his arms*). Sarah, I am glad they are awake. Mr. Rice has to fare forth at sunrise to-morrow morning on his way to New York. These babes may never again have opportunity of looking upon him.

*A knock at the door.* JOHN PECK, *the children clinging to his shoulders, springs to open it.* Enter LUTHER RICE.

RICE. Well, well! Blessed are you, John Peck! I did not know the extent of your riches. (*Lays hands tenderly on children's heads.*) Mrs. Peck,



## Jesus Christ's Men



I rejoice to meet you. Your husband and I have become, all at once, great friends.

SARAH PECK. That is surely a great honor for John.

ELI (*aside*). Mother, he *is* big, but he doesn't cry; he just laughs.

SARAH PECK. Will you be seated here, Mr. Rice, for a little, while I put the children to bed, and prepare a chamber for you?

RICE. How desperately inconvenient it must be to have strangers come in upon you without warning in this fashion.

SARAH PECK. No. It is the greatest joy in the world. I shall be proud and happy all my life to say that Luther Rice, the great Judson's great friend, has passed a night under our roof.

*She has taken the children by the hand to go.*

RICE. How kind of you. O Mrs. Peck, did you ever chance to meet Ann Judson, "Nancy" as we who love her call her?

MRS. PECK (*as if awed*). Oh, no.

RICE. Well, you two would love each other. She is a sweet creature; a very sister she has been to me in all the trying experiences we passed through together in India. I hope you will meet her sometime.

MRS. PECK (*glances quickly from RICE to PECK with a look of startled question*). Thank you.





## Jesus Christ's Men



*Goes out with children. RICE and PECK are seated in old-fashioned armchairs at center.*

RICE. A happy man you must be, with such a wife and bairns and a home in which to dwell with them in love. How prettily Mrs. Peck spoke of Judson.

PECK. You will find that all Baptists delight to do him honor.

RICE. I tell you, Brother Peck, it warms my heart as I go about to find that name Judson—the name of my dearest earthly friend—such a name to conjure by. Everywhere I meet the same kindling enthusiasm when the people find that I am his companion and friend.

PECK. I wonder if it signifies to you what it does to me. I know perhaps better than you, reared in the Standing Order, can—how the fact of the pledging of yourself and the Judsons to Baptist principles in the face of such appalling obstacles has fairly recreated our people. It has suddenly awakened us to a new consciousness of dignity and responsibility. I believe it is bound to crystallize our scattered forces, and perhaps in short order, into a solid, unified body, capable of entering upon far-reaching action.

RICE. Yes, the Baptists are showing themselves capable of becoming a mighty force in Christian-



izing the world, and I thank God for the minor part he has given me in this awakening.

PECK. Do you realize, Mr. Rice, that you have had a major part in the awakening of one poor Baptist minister to a sense of his own responsibility?

RICE. Of whom are you speaking?

PECK. Of one John Mason Peck.

RICE. Ah! I have discerned that the spirit of missions was knocking at your heart's door.

PECK. For two years, brother, my soul has been urgently drawn out to God in prayer for the heathen, and also for this American continent, so large a part of which is still in darkness. I have desired to be led, if God will, into some field of missionary labor. But not until I listened to your sermon yesterday did I feel myself definitely called.

RICE (*rising and pacing the floor*). And you do at this time so regard yourself?

PECK (*solemnly*). I do.

RICE. Then is it possible that you may be the man to join Judson in Burma?

PECK. I hesitate to declare what may be a disappointment to you, Brother Rice, but ever since I have thought on the subject of missions I have had my eye upon the people west of the Mississippi, particularly the Indian nations. I have often wondered why no attempts were made to send the



gospel to them. That region, above all others, would be my choice as field of labor.

RICE. In a sense this *is* a disappointment, for Judson, in his isolation, is always on my heart, since I am not myself permitted to return to him nor know when I shall be. But this apart, John Peck, my own experience enables me to sympathize with yours. Our little band at Williams College long dwelt upon the purpose of a mission to the Indians, or to Greenland, or some of the islands. It was only when I was at Andover, and had come under the spell of Judson's enthusiasm for Burma, that I was led seriously to contemplate an Asiatic mission.

PECK. Then you do not consider a mission to our own frontiers as of inferior importance?

RICE. My brother, let me say, with all the emphasis of which I am capable, not only do I conceive it proper that a mission should be established in the West, but indispensably necessary. If you are called to labor in such a mission, I shall bid you Godspeed and further your purpose with all my heart.

PECK (*springs up and paces floor*). I thank you. The magnetism of your sympathy seems to turn the water of my purpose into new wine. My heart leaps for joy at your recognition.

RICE. And your wife—how about her?



PECK. My wife is an earnest fellow worker and helpmate, wise, loving, self-denying. I can trust her to place no obstacle in my way.

RICE. Be thankful for such a wife. But I cannot deny that obstacles in the way of a mission to the Missouri Territory exist, and formidable ones. Such a project cannot be carried through without many delays. Our General Convention, organized a year ago, has in view foreign missions solely.

PECK. That I know, and I am not forgetting that its next meeting, as it is a triennial convention, will not occur until the year 1817.

RICE. Perfectly true. And prior to that no new measures can be considered.

PECK. What, then, do you advise me to do?

RICE. Get to work for missions, man, here on your own field, as fast and as hard as you can; study the facts of heathenism; visit churches; preach at associations; agitate; agitate; agitate.

PECK (*excitedly*). Good! I see! There is a missionary work ready to my hand, even now.

RICE. Yes, and you will get your hand into the work, and your heart and your head.

PECK. My head is the very thing I must speak of. It is ill-furnished, Brother Rice. I am deficient in intellectual training; I am unqualified for the work to which I feel myself called.

RICE. You are—how old?



PECK. Twenty-eight.

RICE. A year younger than Judson. Why, you are only a boy yet. Fill out what you feel your deficiencies. There is plenty of time. Work at English, geography, history, all that—every evening, and we will look out for the Latin and Greek later.

PECK. You inspire me with hope and courage far beyond what I dared expect.

RICE. John Peck, I have in my life but one ruling purpose. That is, the evangelization of the world. For this, one thing is needful. Men. Men called of God to become apostles. To-night I have discovered, potentially, such a man. How then should I be found failing to impart to him all the hope, all the courage which fills my own heart?

*Curtain.*

### SCENE III

*Time. November, 1817. Sunset.*

*Place. Clearing among pine-barrens in the wilderness of southern Illinois. Brushwood and boulders at right. Under protection of these is drawn up a canvas-covered, one-horse prairie wagon; horse has been taken out, is not in scene, or is tethered at a distance with bag of fodder. Toward center, but near wagon, a large iron tripod, from*





which hangs a brass kettle. Various accouterments of travel lie about. No person present, but from behind scene comes the sound of an axe dealing vigorous blows, felling a tree.

*Enter from left* ISAAC MCCOY, *carrying whip and saddle-bags, in riding garments, but with the clerical touch.*

MCCOY (*looking curiously around him*). There is some pioneer in this wilderness before me then. This looks unlike an Indian camp.

*Sounds of axe cease. A crash of tree falling is heard. Enter* JOHN PECK *in shirt and trousers, axe over shoulder.*

Hello, stranger! What are you doing here?

PECK. I am building a theological seminary.

MCCOY *laughs*.

MCCOY. With your axe? I heard a tree fall just now.

PECK. Yes. That is the seed.

MCCOY. Seriously—you talk of a theological seminary in these barrens?

PECK. These will not always be barrens, stranger. I predict for this Missouri Territory a population of three millions fifty years hence.

MCCOY. You are safe in that prediction, I believe; safe in projecting a theological seminary. May I ask if the structure yonder is the residence of the founder? (*Points to wagon.*)





## Jesus Christ's Men



*Enter from left SARAH PECK with ELI and HANNAH, all bearing bundles of sticks and twigs for a fire.*

PECK. Yes. The present residence at least, and yonder come his wife and children. I am John Peck of York State, stranger, missionary in these parts for the Baptist Convention.

McCoy (*holding out both hands*). John Peck! But I might have known it could be no other. What a blaze of gladness kindled by unexpected fires! I am Isaac McCoy of Kentucky, newly appointed by the same board to evangelize the Indians of the Wabash.

*The men shake hands with eager cordiality. McCoy greets MRS. PECK and children. They proceed to lay the fire. MRS. PECK makes preparation for serving soup in tin cups. The men, each with a tin cup and a block of corn pone, throw themselves on ground on blankets near fire. MRS. PECK and children retire to covered wagon.*

McCoy. Is that their sleeping apartment?

PECK. Yes. Pretty luxurious that would be for men of our habits, but the women and children must lie a little softly.

McCoy. Bless their hearts! It is none too softly, I fear.

PECK. I tell you, my friend, that wife of mine is worth a dozen book heroines! On all this toil-



some march never once has she complained of the hardships or the loneliness. She left behind without a murmur our cozy, homelike parsonage, kind neighbors and friends. As for my youngsters—they are becoming the hardiest little savages you ever saw. Now come! You will pass the night with us, I hope?

McCoy. Where do you propose to sleep?

PECK. Right here, with my feet to the fire. I shall gather several armfuls of dry leaves; they make a fine bed and a fragrant. You know how—I can see you are no tenderfoot. There are blankets enough in the wagon for both of us. I can give you a better bed and a cleaner than you will find in Shawneetown, where I last saw what is known as civilization. Save the mark!

McCoy. I believe you, brother. What roof can equal yonder sky? What inn provide lodging more wholesome, or air one-half so pure? I abide gladly, and share your hospitality.

PECK. The soil is remarkably dry here—a great point you know.

McCoy. Indeed, I know. Many a night I have slept on the snow in my clothing after swimming swollen streams, and many more I have made my bed on marsh ground. Why, man, *this* is lodging fit for a king.



PECK. You travel altogether on horseback, I take it?

McCoy. Yes, at present. I am just now on a scout to discover the most favorable point at which to establish a mission among the Miami Indians. When that is settled, I shall have my family with me.

PECK. You get over the ground much more rapidly on horseback than I can with the wagon.

McCoy. How far have you traveled in that fashion? It is certainly slow.

PECK. Something less than twelve hundred miles.

McCoy. What a journey! Where did you start from? How long has it taken you? What point are you bound for?

PECK. Bound for St. Louis; started from Litchfield, Connecticut, on Friday afternoon, July twenty-fifth—a little more than three months ago.

McCoy. You at least know where you are bound for. You are definitely appointed, as I have heard, to work as a Baptist missionary in St. Louis. Among the white population, I believe; not the Indians?

PECK. Primarily among the white citizens, yes; but my sympathies are strongly with the red men also. The United States has a hard problem to



work out among these pagan tribes whom it has despoiled.

McCoy. Do you feel, as I do, Brother Peck, that sooner or later there must be a separate society among Baptists for the purpose of evangelizing our own country?

PECK (*emphatically*). It has got to come, McCoy. You and I, another man or two besides, have been sent out by the Triennial Convention, to be sure—but that Convention, created to uphold Judson in the first instance, is of necessity first and last and always foreign missionary. The work in this country is inevitably regarded by it as a side issue.

McCoy. There are tremendous issues facing the Christian church in these United States. They must be met squarely. This vast Missouri Territory alone constitutes a colossal responsibility. It is destitute, practically, of churches and schools—

PECK. Yes; destitute of all that goes to up-build a Christian civilization, and yet its magnificent resources, its lakes and rivers, its rich soil, its mineral wealth, will undoubtedly call hither a mighty commercial population in the next fifty years. (*Rising and grasping the other's hand.*) McCoy, if we missionaries do not by the grace of God lay a foundation of righteousness and



godliness here in the great West, this land will be given over to the Spirit of Evil.

McCoy. The difficulties sometimes seem insurmountable, and what are we to meet them, single-handed and alone? (*Enter MRS. PECK, blankets on her arm.*) I am wrong. We are not alone. God works with us, and beside each stands a true fellow worker. Mrs. Peck, let me say how deeply I revere you for your courage in accompanying your husband on this almost incredible journey.

MRS. PECK. We were called to come out into a land we knew not, neither our fathers; were we not, John? (*She clasps her husband by the hand, first laying down blankets near fire.*) The call comes to women no less than to men, brother; do you not think so?

McCoy. At least my dear wife thinks so. She is ready to join me whenever I decide on my field of labor.

MRS. PECK. And do you not think our work is needed as well as yours? The women and children, whether among the whites or Indians, as we have seen them on our long journey, are pitifully ignorant, helpless, and needy. Woman's work must keep pace with man's in this wilderness, and you will find women no less ready than men to respond to the call to brave hardships and heartbreaks for Jesus Christ's sake.





## Jesus Christ's Men



McCoy (*grasping her hand*). Brave words, bravely spoken, and prophetic words too. (*Gives his left hand to PECK.*)

PECK. We stand here, hand in hand, three humble messengers of the Son of God, with the stars in the naked heavens keeping watch over us as we lie down to rest. Around us stretches the trackless wilderness, in which range untamed beasts and savage men. To-morrow we part and go our several ways, knowing not what is before us, save that toil and trial, labors and afflictions abide us.

McCoy. Let us then regard ourselves as strangers and pilgrims, having no continuing city here, but seeking one to come. For life, brother, for life, sister, we are enlisted for the service of men and God. In this service be it ours to live, to labor, and to die.

*Curtain.*

### CHORUS

Oft in danger, oft in woe,  
Onward, Christian, onward go;  
Bear the toil, maintain the strife,  
Strengthened with the Bread of Life.

Let not sorrow dim your eye,  
Soon shall every tear be dry;  
Let not fear your work impede,  
Great your strength, if great your need.





## Jesus Christ's Men



Let your drooping hearts be glad ;  
March in heavenly armor clad ;  
Fight, nor think the battle long,  
Soon shall victory wake your song.

Onward then to glory move ;  
More than conquerors ye shall prove ;  
Though opposed by many a foe,  
Christian soldiers, onward go !

### SCENE IV

*Time. October 5, 1825.*

*Place. Site of city of Chicago. Open field; in background three or four small, scattered houses. On the ground at left are seated in orderly assembly twenty or thirty Indian braves, women, and children, in costume. They face right, where ISAAC MCCOY, standing on rude platform, is lifting his hands in closing benediction. Beside him is seated JUDGE LIEB, a United States Government Commissioner. Just behind MCCOY, like a guard of honor, stand two Indian youths of fine person and bearing, GOSA and NOAQUETT.*

*All rise and stand with bowed heads in silence. MCCOY descends from platform and goes out at right, with LIEB, GOSA, and NOAQUETT.*



TOPENEBE. (*This chief and the two with whom he converses are magnificently attired in full Indian regalia.*) The father is a speaker of good words.

NOONDAY. He is more than that. He is content to suffer hunger and cold, famine and fever, the death of sons and daughters, that he may teach us and our children the way of life.

CHEBASS. He promises to help us to build houses, make fence, plows, such-like things. He will ask the Great Father in Washington, by his servant the Commissioner, to give us a blacksmith and a school.

TOPENEBE. He is poor, the paleface preacher. Often he has no corn for his wife, for his young children. It is too hard to be hungry. I gave my father one sackful. I will not lose by it. He will give me back when he gets corn. The Great Spirit teaches him goodness.

NOONDAY. For my own part, I acknowledge that I know nothing correctly about the Great Spirit. I am glad to hearken to the words of the father.

*Loud hallooing and shouting behind scenes, growing nearer. There burst in at left TWO TRADERS, waving their hats and calling out boisterous greetings. They are followed by two half-naked, half-breed Indians, who are harnessed to a rude sledge on which lie some pieces of lumber and several demijohns. A wild yell of excitement goes*



*up from the Indians. They now stand apart and watch, as the TRADERS swiftly erect a species of counter or booth with the fitted boards. On it they place the demijohns, and bring out a dozen or more bright tin cups. Their hats are on one side, their clothes shabby but showy, their manner full of laughter, chaffing, challenge, and braggadocio as they are thus engaged. The Indian women silently plead with the braves to go away; the children appear terrified. In the background, dim, scarcely seen, SPIRIT OF EVIL. NOONDAY goes out at right.*

FIRST TRADER. Now come, all ye faithful! Preaching is thirsty work. Wet your dry throats, and have a few moments of honest sport before the paleface preacher gets you again.

SECOND TRADER *pours liquor into cups and waves them out toward the group of Indians. These approach, at first shamefaced and reluctant; but as soon as they taste the liquor they grow bold and noisy. All the braves now gather before counter and drink. Instantly the scene becomes one of wild and furious action. The women and children huddle together with frightened faces. The braves dance and shout, fight, and brawl; some are knocked down by others and lie in drunken stupor. Some of the younger men approach the women with maudlin proffers of caresses, whereupon shrieks go up from the band of women. All the while the TRADERS are*



## Jesus Christ's Men



*pouring out the whisky and taking in the coins at a rattling rate.*

CHEBASS (*stammering*). Preaching good—fire-water better. Hurrah for the paleface!

TOPENEBE. I hate these last. They make me big with badness, but I cannot help drinking when I see and smell. (*Drains a cup and sinks senseless to ground.*)

*Enter from right* NOONDAY *with* MCCOY *and* COMMISSIONER LIEB.

MCCOY (*stretching out his hand with a gesture of passionate despair and addressing LIEB*). To what purpose do we labor? Surely preaching is vain! Faith itself seems vain. Every hope, every prospect for the welfare of these poor, downtrodden people is brought to naught by men like those (*pointing to TRADERS*) who swarm everywhere and bring crime, debauchery, depravity in their track. I assure you, Mr. Commissioner, that horrors unspeakable are of constant occurrence among these tribes when under the influence of whisky.

LIEB (*turning to traders*). Get this stuff away and yourselves into the bargain, and take good care not to show your faces in my presence again.

TRADERS *have already demolished their booth. They pile stuff on sledge and beat a hasty retreat to the left.* SPIRIT OF EVIL *goes out.*

I have seldom received a more painful impression,



a more acute disappointment. Yesterday, Mr. McCoy, I visited your Christian establishment at Carey; its order and beauty excited in me the most delightful sensations. I beheld a colony firmly settled, numerous, civilized, happy, with every blessing flowing from the well-regulated efforts of yourself, your noble wife, and your associates, who, from a sense of divine call and consecration, devote yourselves without remuneration to your Christlike labors. It was a touching spectacle to see those aborigines join in your Christian prayers and hymns, their faces animated by an uplifting sense of religion. I saw there the germs of a new and noble future for the Indians. My hopes were kindled. To-day I listen to your moving discourse on the love of God, and I witness its effect upon the minds of these simple, teachable, primitive men and women. They listened to you reverently and earnestly. But, what has followed? Hardly has your voice ceased its words of heavenly invitation when the devil himself, in the person of these infamous whisky sellers, snatches the good seed from their minds, and turns them soul and body down the road to hell. What can be done?

NOONDAY (*advances and salutes LIEB with dignity*). Is it permitted, great chief, that a word be spoken by an Indian?

LIEB. Say on.





NOONDAY. If the Great Council of the Seventeen Fires and if the Great Father himself, whom you call President, feel the interest to preserve our people which you have told us of, all-powerful as they are, why do they not command your people to abstain from seeking, in the way you mention, our destruction? The Great Father has but to *will* it and his will shall be done. He can punish; he can save us from the ruin which surrounds us. We can do nothing of ourselves. We are but as children, but we should be happy and healthy if whisky were not brought to us. I have spoken.

LIEB. You have spoken, Noonday, with truth and feeling. I blush for my country. I find no apology for my government, but if any measures can be taken to rid you of this poison which is destroying the life of your people and the hopes of your heroic friend, the missionary, I promise you to use them when I am again in the presence of the Great Council and the Great Father.

*Slowly, with humiliated bearing, all the Indians go out, save NOONDAY. MCCOY and LIEB stand in solemn, thoughtful silence.*

NOONDAY (to LIEB). I have faith, a little faith in the Great Father at Washington and in the Great Council, but I have more faith (*he turns to McCoy*) in the Great Father to whom *you* pray. Promise me that you will yet have patience with my poor





## Jesus Christ's Men



people, that you will still pray, still labor among us.  
For only in your God is hope for my people.

McCoy. I promise you. My life is pledged to  
this people.

*Curtain.*

### CHORUS

Christian, dost thou see them  
On the holy ground,  
How the troops of Midian  
Prowl and prowl around?  
Christian, up and smite them,  
Counting gain but loss;  
Smite them by the merit  
Of the Holy Cross.

Well I know thy trouble,  
O my servant true;  
Thou art very weary,  
I was weary too;  
But this toil shall make thee  
Some day all mine own,  
And the end of sorrow  
Shall be near my throne.



SCENE V

*Time. Early in the year 1826.*

*Place. Treasurer's office of the Baptist General Tract Society in Washington, D. C. Large desk in the center. At small desk at the left sits CLERK, writing. Door in rear at center; also door at right. A knock is heard on door at rear.*

CLERK. Come in.

*Enter ISAAC MCCOY with GOSA and NOAQUETT in their Indian costume.*

MCCOY. Is this the office of the Reverend Luther Rice, treasurer of the Baptist General Tract Society?

CLERK. It is the Tract Society treasurer's office, but as Mr. Rice has recently withdrawn from the position of treasurer, it is not, strictly speaking, his office.

MCCOY. Then I may not hope to find him here.

CLERK. Come in by all means. Yes, you are quite sure to meet him if you wait a little. He comes in for a few hours still each morning. If you and the young gentlemen will follow me, I will show you to a more comfortable room for waiting.

*GOSA and NOAQUETT look all the while wonderingly and shyly around them. They follow MCCOY and CLERK, who opens door at right. All but CLERK*



## Jesus Christ's Men



*go out. Enter from rear LUTHER RICE, who throws down his hat, greets CLERK, and goes to desk in center.*

CLERK. A missionary from the West has just come in, Mr. Rice, and is waiting to see you.

RICE. John Peck! Yes, I was expecting to meet him here this morning. He has ridden horseback most of the way from Illinois—was due to reach Washington last night. Show him in at once.

CLERK *opens door at left, and ushers in* ISAAC MCCOY, GOSA, *and* NOAQUETT.

RICE (*advancing with outstretched hands, but perplexity on his face*). This is not the man I expected to see, but a man whom I welcome without introduction. (*Shakes hands cordially with* MCCOY, GOSA, *and* NOAQUETT.)

MCCOY. I am Isaac McCoy, from the Wabash District.

CLERK *goes out.*

RICE. And among men called of God to work for the Indian tribes there hath not risen a greater. Isaac McCoy, I welcome you in the name of the Master whom we serve.

MCCOY. I thank you. John Peck—Father Peck we all call him in the West—is also on his way. I came upon his trail at several points as we rode through Ohio and Pennsylvania.

RICE. John has been doing magnificent work in



the Missouri Territory, but how he lives since the Triennial Convention withdrew its support and left him to the five dollars a week of the Massachusetts Society, is beyond my comprehension.

McCoy. Five dollars a week for a man with wife and children is not a large stipend. Still, it might keep them in hominy, and we get along out our way if we have that. But I fear John Peck is wearing himself out with his labors.

RICE. You look as if the same might be said of you, McCoy.

McCoy. I have *had* a little difficulty on the journey in keeping in the saddle continuously, on account of an attack of fever. You see, we had a temperature of six degrees below zero while we were crossing the Ohio wilderness, and I was not in strong health when we started.

RICE. Possibly you *were* a little chilled, brother.

*He breaks out into laughter, covering a burst of emotional feeling. Wipes his eyes—puts his arm around McCoy, but is unable to speak for a moment.*

GOSA (*timidly*). Our father is good; he cares not for himself, only for Indians.

NOAQUETT. 'All Ottawas love our father; all Putawatomes too, and Miamis. He lay down his life for us. He too sick, but he ride on and on so to pray the Great Father for us and the Great Council of the Seventeen Fires.



RICE (*grasping the hand of each of the Indian youths*). Well spoken. You cannot love this man too much, for in him shines forth the very love of Christ. Is it true, brother, that you are come to Washington to petition President Adams in behalf of the tribes?

McCoy. Yes. I am now fully convinced that in the present stage of development of the Indians, still very primitive, the only possible salvation for them is colonization. They must be helped to settle in a region from which they cannot be forced by the aggressions of the white population; where we can build up their moral and mental stamina until they can resist the ruinous influences of the whisky traders.

RICE. I have no doubt of the justice of this conviction.

McCoy. At the present time the situation of our Indian tribes west of the Wabash is nothing less than heart-breaking. They are children in knowledge and experience, and around them hover the merciless crew of traders, like buzzards around a carcass, to debauch them with whisky and pick them bare. Their woes and their wrongs, Brother Rice, cry aloud to heaven. The fever in my bones is nothing to the flame burning in my heart. Yes, I have come to memorialize Congress——



*A knock at the door. Enter JOHN PECK. He and RICE meet with brotherly affection, in which McCoy participates. All are seated. GOSA and NOAQUETT go out.*

RICE. Well, now then, John Peck, you have won your spurs! Nine years' unbroken labor in the wilderness, where you have hewn success out of obstacles as hard as the gates of hell and not unlike them, qualify you to speak as a father of the church. Tell us what is uppermost in your mind as you come east for the first time since 1817.

PECK (*with a gesture, indicating the room in which they sit*). Look around you, and you will see the materialization of one of my deepest desires—the fulfilment of one of our greatest needs in the West.

RICE. You mean this two-year-old Baptist Tract Society? We are still in the day of small things here.

PECK. I do. Its work is of infinite importance in the evangelization of the West, and its work will grow and develop in a dozen directions which we do not now foresee. For instance, much of my time is given to the establishment of Sunday-schools and of local Bible societies; our Tract Society will in time do that work for us. House-to-house visitation by men of God, however simple and uneducated, who can talk familiarly with the people and leave





behind religious literature is most urgently demanded.

RICE. Colporters! Exactly. It is one of the measures we have most keenly in mind. It is coming. We must furnish them with small wagons to carry their printed matter, and send them throughout the West and South.

PECK. There can be no more effective form of missionary labor. I hope it will not be long delayed. But nearer my heart yet is the matter of a school in the West for training young men for the ministry.

McCoy. When I first met you, John Peck, you were chopping down trees in order to build a theological seminary.

PECK. I am chopping them still, and I shall keep on until I see a range of buildings put up, adequate for a hundred students. We have a beginning made at Rock Spring already. If I meet with any encouragement in the East, we shall have a Baptist theological seminary in Illinois in the year 1827.

RICE. Amen. So be it. I glory in your courage, John, and I believe in your enterprise. But I can see that your brain holds half a dozen other projects of world-wide importance, which are sure to come to pass in time, you being a latter-day prophet of the Lord. Give us the next one, man.

PECK. Very well, I will. Isaac McCoy will join with me, that I know, when I say that the crying



need in this country to-day, viewed from the standpoint of your pioneer missionaries is——

McCoy (*joins*). 'A Home Missionary Society!

RICE. You must talk with Bolles, of Salem, and Jonathan Going, of Worcester, about that. They are deeply impressed with what they consider the cruelty of letting men go out into the wilderness, as you and Brother McCoy have gone, with no support, or with a capricious and inadequate support, such as the Triennial Convention has thus far extended.

PECK. I have no words of condemnation for the Convention. They have been led astray by the false reports of false brethren in their relation to myself, but I bear them no ill will. I have had my dark days; but, brothers, we are all feeling our way. This is the day of small things, as you said just now, Luther Rice, in regard to our newly formed Publication—I should say, Tract Society. We Baptists make some mistakes, but we are an honest kind of folk after all, and somehow the Lord puts up with us, and pretty generally gives us a chance to try again.

McCoy. The Triennial Convention is doing well the work it was called into existence for—the work of foreign missions. It is clearly proved inadequate to the systematic carrying on of missionary work in the United States.



RICE (*bringing down his fist upon the desk with emphasis*). A separate society is demanded, and will come.

PECK (*rising*). And may I be given some humble part in its establishment, for I know the Western country and its needs by heart.

RICE. And you have them at heart if ever man had.

*He and McCoy rise. All three come forward and stand together.*

Brothers, look back a little and take courage. Twelve years ago, Baptists in the United States had no national or comprehensive organization of any kind for the spread of the gospel. We were a scattered folk, each church looking little beyond its own struggle for existence. We have now a well-organized society for the conduct of foreign missions, and a magnificent band of men and women on the field, with Adoniram Judson at their head. We have perfected now, here in Washington, a second national organization, fit coworker and helpmate to the first, this General Tract Society. The power of the press and of the printed page is now made tributary to the evangelization of both East and West as never before. Institutions for higher religious education are springing up here and there; I need hardly say, dearest to my heart is Columbian College, here in Washington. We are moving



forward all along the line, and the end is not yet.  
How dark it grows!

*While he has spoken it has grown dark.*

PECK (*sternly*). My brothers, let us not deceive ourselves, for it does indeed grow dark. Darkness covers the land and thick darkness the people. We three stand here at this central heart of our nation, our country, to-day and seek to look forward, to discern its future. What do we see as we peer through mists and vapors? A vast, rich country, opening wide its every gate to the incoming of all nations under heaven; in the West a wild, pagan, native people embittered by treachery, demoralized by the greed of the white man; in the South, thousands of African slaves awaiting a day of deliverance, which cannot be far off; East and North, a white population deeply tainted by the godless lust for gold—gold at any price—be it of honor, of mercy, of manhood. This much we can see now and here, but there are powers at work hidden from us. There are dangers and crises before the American nation of which it does not dream; problems which we must meet righteously or our doom is sealed. Only the church of Christ can save North America, and the church only, if it awakes *in time* to its responsibility.

*Complete darkness covers the scene; RICE, MCCOY, and PECK go out.*



SCENE VI

*Time. Following immediately the preceding.*

*Place. The same, office furniture having been removed.*

*A strange, lurid light envelops the scene; then it grows very dark; again it is illuminated, as if a struggle were taking place between light and darkness. There is a deep rumble as of thunder. The form of the SPIRIT OF EVIL can be seen gliding forward from the rear. SPIRIT OF LOVE advances from the right and confronts him.*

SPIRIT OF EVIL.

We meet as of old,  
But not in the East Land.  
Your servants grow bold;  
We turn to the West Land.  
Not passive we bend  
To feel your hand smite!  
To the enemy's country  
We carry the fight.

Watch them coming, coming, coming.  
Hear the tom-toms sharply drumming.  
All the nations hither come;  
Still there's room, there's room, there's room;  
Jews—your Christ to crucify!





Swami's smooth—to make reply!  
Shinto-worship! Buddhist sages!  
Krishna! Kali! Tantric rages!  
Watch them coming, coming, coming.  
Hear the tom-toms sharply drumming.  
'All the nations hither come;  
Still there's room, there's room, there's room.  
Worshippers of ice and fire!  
Those who starve and feed desire!  
'All are welcome, welcome still—  
Fatten, batten as you will.  
Mary and all saints ascend:  
See your people lowly bend!  
Candles, masses,  
Heaven-passes,  
'All for gold  
Bought and sold!  
Buy your souls!  
Sell your souls!  
Here's the market,  
Mammon market!  
Watch them coming, coming, coming.  
Hear the tom-toms sharply drumming.  
All the nations hither come.  
Still there's room, there's room, there's room.  
'Tis a gold strand—  
'Tis a free land—  
Free to sell in,





## Jesus Christ's Men



Free to sin in,  
Free for all strange gods to dwell in!  
Hither come! Down the Christians!  
Down the Christ——

*During the incantation of SPIRIT OF EVIL a motley throng has poured in from left, weaving in and out together in a weird, mystic, half-confused, and half-rhythmic figure or procession; music loud, barbaric, with tom-toms and cymbals.*

ESQUIMAUX, AFRICANS, INDIANS, MEXICANS, MINERS AND COWBOYS, CUBANS, HINDU SWAMIS, MOHAMMEDANS, BAHÂISTS, BUDDHIST PRIESTS, JESUITS SELLING INDULGENCES, JAPANESE, CHINESE, ITALIANS, SCANDINAVIANS, RUSSIANS, POLES, GERMANS, IRISH, FRENCH, DUTCH, SPANIARDS, TURKS, LITHUANIANS, etc.

*In all, from thirty to eighty persons in characteristic costume, with such emblems or symbols as are required.*

*All repeat shrilly together.*

'Tis a gold strand—  
'Tis a free land —  
Free to sell in,  
Free to sin in,  
Free for all strange gods to dwell in.  
Hither come! Down the Christians!  
Down the Christ——



## Jesus Christ's Men



SPIRIT OF LOVE (*advances with lifted hand*).  
Silence!

*Darkness covers the whole scene, and against the  
darkness flash out the words:*

NORTH AMERICA FOR CHRIST AND  
CHRIST IN EVERY HOME

*Curtain.*



**FINALE**





### FINALE

*The stage is brightly lighted; at the left hangs from above a white banner, bearing in large, red letters, ORIENT; at the right a similar banner bears the word, OCCIDENT. Between these a smaller banner bears, 1813-1913. Near front in center stands SPIRIT OF LOVE, in his hand a long branch of palm.*

SPIRIT OF LOVE. A hundred years ago there was a man of God led by love to go to the Orient to seek and to save that which was lost. Reaching his chosen field of labor, Burma, in the year 1813, this man Judson, one of the first five American missionaries, devoted himself, in the midst of persecutions and sorrows manifold, to the evangelizing of the people of the land, until his death in the year 1850. When he died he left behind him as his legacy to the Burmese people the entire Bible translated into their language, besides a Burmese grammar and dictionary. He left seven thousand native Christians, each one publicly baptized on personal profession of faith, while hundreds had died in faith before him. Sixty-three churches of Christ had been established in Burma, under the care of one hundred and sixty-three pastors and teachers. Truly he rests from his labors, and his works do follow him.





*Trumpet notes herald entrance from left of BURMA, personified by a man in Burmese costume, bearing transparency:*

Native Baptist Christians in Burma, 1913, ——. <sup>10</sup>

SPIRIT OF LOVE. But this is only the first-fruits of the adventure of love entered upon by Judson. From his labors, directly or indirectly, there sprang, in 1821, the Baptist Mission to Africa, broken off and started anew fifty years later.

*Trumpet heralds entrance of AFRICA with transparency giving number of Baptist Christians, 1913.*

SPIRIT OF LOVE. In 1833 began the Baptist Mission to Siam.

*Trumpet heralds entrance of BENGAL with transparency.*

SPIRIT OF LOVE. In 1835 began the Mission to China.

*Trumpet heralds entrance of CHINA with transparency.*

SPIRIT OF LOVE. In 1836 came the Mission to southern India.

*Trumpet heralds entrance of INDIA with transparency.*

SPIRIT OF LOVE. In 1837, the Mission to Assam.

*Trumpet heralds entrance of ASSAM with transparency.*

<sup>10</sup> In 1913 the number of native Baptist Christians in Burma was 49,214; in Africa, 4,272; in Bengal, 707; in China, 4,940; in southern India, 58,277; in Assam, 12,057; in Japan, 3,580.



SPIRIT OF LOVE. Not until 1873 came the Mission to Japan.

*Trumpet heralds entrance of JAPAN with transparency.*

*These seven personified nations, in characteristic costume, enter from left and range themselves a little in rear of center, below banner inscribed "ORIENT." STANDARD BEARER enters with banner of the "AMERICAN BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY."*

SPIRIT OF LOVE. There was a woman given to this apostle, Judson, to labor with him for the people of Burma. Ann Hasseltine appears on the page of missionary history as an illuminated initial letter. She wrought, even to the laying down of her life, for the native women and children that they might know the true God and Jesus Christ whom he has sent. What works have followed her?

*Enter from left, heralded by trumpet, a procession of native CHRISTIAN WOMEN, GIRLS, and CHILDREN in costume of Burma, Africa, Siam, China, India, Assam, Japan. Following them a WHITE-ROBED FIGURE bearing a white banner with silver letters:*

"WOMAN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY,  
1871"

*She is followed by the procession of AMERICAN WOMEN, TEACHERS, MISSIONARIES, DOCTORS, and NURSES, their vocation indicated by emblems or*



## Jesus Christ's Men



*costume. Following these, appear WOMEN OF THE BOARD, GIRLS, and CHILDREN, all in white, with banners on which appears the cross; these representing girls' and children's work for missions. These all range themselves on left, in ranks around the SEVEN NATIONS.*

SPIRIT OF LOVE. There was a man who went forth to the Orient with Judson, imbued with the same missionary spirit, consecrated even as he to the Crusade of the Cross. This man returned to America in the year 1813, to discover whether the Baptist denomination would rise to the support of a Baptist mission. With one heart and voice they responded and constrained the missionary, the friend of Judson, that he should abide with them, to stir the minds of the brethren to a fuller comprehension of the world's needs. Under Luther Rice's powerful stimulus the National Organization for Baptist Missions was effected in 1814. In 1815, his preaching awakened John Peck to the missionary demands of his own country. In the year 1824, this great champion, Rice, was instrumental in founding the Baptist General Tract Society, now the Publication Society.

*Trumpet heralds entrance from center, at rear, of REPRESENTATIVES of the AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY, who carry transparency or banner and take place in center of stage.*



SPIRIT OF LOVE. Luther Rice was the man who stood between the East and the West in the creative hour of the American Baptist church, linking the needs of the one to the sympathies of the other; sustaining and developing by his enthusiasm the cause in both East and West. As Andrew went and called Peter, so did Luther Rice call John Peck, who arose, forsook all, and followed. Of heroic stuff, this strong, stern wrestler for God labored from 1817 until he died in the far West, constituted in himself for years a Home Missionary Society, and in 1832 had part in founding this organization. Isaac McCoy, the great apostle to the Indians, going out to the Wabash Valley in the same year that John Peck journeyed to the Mississippi, has left a record of labors and suffering for Christ's sake which constitutes him a martyr to the cause. These men with their wives antedated the Home Missionary Society, and called forth its creation. What has followed?

*Trumpet heralds entrance from right of REPRESENTATIVES of HOME MISSION FIELDS, in appropriate costumes, each bearing transparency inscribed with its title. They are as follows: INDIAN, MEXICAN, AMERICAN NEGRO, SALVADORIAN, PORTO RICAN, CUBAN, TYPICAL IMMIGRANTS, twenty-four nationalities of AMERICAN BAPTIST HOME MISSION SOCIETY. These all range themselves under the*



banner "OCCIDENT." STANDARD BEARER *with banner of* "AMERICAN BAPTIST HOME MISSION SOCIETY."

SPIRIT OF LOVE. The wives of the pioneer missionaries to the West labored and sacrificed no less nobly for the cause than did the men. From the day of Sarah Peck and Christiana McCoy, there has been an unbroken line of women workers in Home Mission Fields.

*Trumpet heralds entrance of JOANNA MOORE, missionary to Freedmen in 1863, with Negro children leading her by the hand. Next comes a white-robed figure bearing banner, white and gold, with inscription "WOMAN'S AMERICAN BAPTIST HOME MISSION SOCIETY, 1877." There follow representatives of the various classes and nationalities reached by women's home mission workers, chiefly girls and children, including Indians, Negroes, etc., slum and immigrant children. After these come representatives of the WOMEN'S BOARD, of the CHICAGO TRAINING SCHOOL, MISSIONARIES, NURSES, DISTRICT VISITORS, TEACHERS, each distinguished by some emblem. These all file in, and are ranged on the right, the two portions now merging together in a wedge-shaped form, the PUBLICATION SOCIETY holding center, the whole broad front now given to the little children of all nations and classes. SPIRIT OF LOVE at the apex, crowning all.*





## Jesus Christ's Men



SPIRIT OF LOVE (*his arms outstretched over all*).  
In Christ there is no East and West, no far and near. The work is one.

*A long trumpet blast behind scene.*

SPIRIT OF LOVE.

Trumpeter, sound for the splendor of God!  
Sound the music whose name is law,

. . . . .

Bid the anarch of night withdraw,  
Too long the destroyer has worked his will,  
Sound for the last, the last of the wars!  
Sound for the heights that the Fathers trod,  
When truth was truth and love was love,  
With a hell beneath, but a heaven above,  
Trumpeter, rally us, rally us, rally us,  
On to the City of God.

*A long trumpet blast, repeated behind scene.*

CHORUS and audience rise and unite with company on stage in singing:

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

END







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